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## NATIONAL MONUMENT TO GEORGE STEPHENSON.

*Committee for promoting this object.*

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The Committee have now the pleasing task of addressing those  
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**GEORGE STEPHENSON**, for the purpose of inviting their co-operation  
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 It has been well observed, and in no instance more truly than  
 that of Stephenson, that the best and most enduring Monument  
 of the truly great, is to be found in the undying remembrance of  
 their worthy deeds. The name of George Stephenson will be  
 remembered particularly in the annals of civil engineering, and  
 Newcastle, in connexion with the Safety Lamp invented and  
 introduced into use by him; and his name will be always con-  
 nected with the great facilities for industrial development and  
 natural progress evolved by the institution of Railways, and by  
 the elaboration of the Locomotive, which have caused mechanical  
 skill in the present age to outstrip in usefulness and in emolument  
 every other department of national industry.

The Committee, therefore, regard the proposed Monument rather  
 as a means of recording for future times the gratitude of that  
 British Public which have witnessed the introduction of the Safety  
 Lamp and the rise and progress of the Railway system, than as  
 any addition to the honours which surround the memory of the  
 great promoter of that system.

To the mechanic, and especially the operative mechanic, the  
 Committee with confidence appeal for some general token of that  
 remembrance which, during his life and hourly, each, feeling assured that  
 the movement they invoke will become truly national, but however  
 widespread may be the co-operation given to it, it must still fall  
 far short of the almost universal feeling of respect, esteem, and  
 reverence, which, throughout all Britain, sheds a halo round the  
 name of George Stephenson.

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 the Secretary.  
 August 25, 1850.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1850.

## REVIEWS

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS AND HIS CLAIMS TO BE CONSIDERED THE WRITER OF THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS.

*Some New Facts and a suggested New Theory as to the Authorship of the Letters of Junius.*

By Sir Fortunatus Dwaris, Knt. Privately printed.

*The History and Discovery of Junius.* By John Wade.—Junius. 2 vols. Bohn.

Sir Fortunatus Dwaris and Mr. Wade have both pronounced judgment in favour of Sir Philip Francis; and both, following the example of more distinguished persons, are so positive—assume the question to be so conclusively proved—that we might have been startled into silence had we not after an attentive perusal of their several works come to the conclusion that they know no more of the subject than a Chief Justice or an Ex-Chancellor. Lord Campbell has recorded the opinion of the Queen's Bench; and Mr. Wade tells us, that an "eminent Judge of the Common Pleas, Sir Vicary Gibbs, affirmed after the perusal of Mr. Taylor's book, that if the case had been argued before him as Judge in a trial for libel, he should have directed the jury to find Sir Philip Francis guilty." Exactly the same judgment is said to have been pronounced by Lord Ellenborough,—and, Mr. Barker tells us, by Lord Erskine: and the review of 'Junius Identified' in the *Edinburgh* having been attributed to Mackintosh, to Brougham, and to Macaulay, three more Judges or ex-Judges are said to concur in the opinion pronounced by "Brother Gibbs."

—Now, as we have said, Sir Fortunatus Dwaris—ex-Common Pleas Judge—and Mr. Wade, "author," as we learn from his title-page, of 'The Cabinet Lawyer,' record their agreement in the ruling of the Courts. One of these learned gentlemen has even asserted that "the cumulative proofs [have] reached the extreme limits of circumstantial testimony,"—and that "it is as certain that Sir Philip Francis was Junius as anything human can be." After this, it would be mere surplage to refer to the opinions of some half hundred unlearned laics. The Court of Chancery, the Court of Queen's Bench, the Court of Common Pleas, the Colonial Courts, and, if not "The Council," "The Cabinet" are agreed,—and "there an end." It is true, these opinions have not been pronounced by the Judges with their wigs on,—and there may be something in the wig:—young Philpott says in 'The Citizen,' "I am as good a coachman as any in England when I have my coachman's hat on." Then, no fees of Court have been paid; and there is a prevalent notion, all but a proverb, that what people get for nothing is generally good for nothing, and that the most worthless of all things is "the breath of an unfee'd lawyer." These are the opinions of the unlettered,—not of the *Athenæum*. All we ask is, leave to put the evidence on record, with a few words of explanation and elucidation for the satisfaction of the public and the justification, if that may be, of "the Judges."

The better and more simple plan will be to separate the facts generally admitted, not as literally but as substantially true, from those which are merely speculative or conjectural, whether probable or improbable. Some of our readers, we suspect, will be startled when they see in what a brief bald paragraph the former may be comprised.

From a memoir—the memoir, it is called—published in the *Mirror* in 1810, we learn that Sir Philip Francis was born in Dublin, on the 22nd of October 1740,—that in 1750 he came to England,—in 1753 was placed at St. Paul's

School, where Sampson Woodfall was also educated,—and in 1756 was appointed by Mr. Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, to "a little place" in the Secretary of State's Office,—that Mr. Pitt, who succeeded Mr. Fox, patronized and encouraged him, and through his kindness Francis, in 1758, went out as Secretary to Gen. Bligh, and was present at the attack on Cherbourg,—that in 1760, by the favour of the same person, he was appointed Secretary to the Earl of Kinoul, ambassador to Lisbon,—that on his return he continued to serve in the Secretary of State's Office under Lord Egremont, until in 1763 he was, by Mr. Welbore Ellis, appointed to a place in the War Office, which he retained for nine years, but resigned early in 1772, in consequence of a difference with Viscount Barrington, then Secretary at War,—that he spent part of the year 1772 in travelling through Germany, Italy, and France,—and that subsequently he was recommended by Viscount Barrington to Lord North,—by whom in 1773 he was nominated one of the Members of the Council of Bengal.

On these few facts—indeed on something less—has been raised the speculative superstructure which is held by so many learned and unlearned persons to be conclusive proof that Sir Philip Francis was Junius. Facts, however, are beginning to accumulate. Sir Fortunatus Dwaris tells us that Francis and Woodfall were "in the same form,"—and Lady Francis says that her husband won the gold medal:—things both possible, and even probable,—but not known before, and not now known at St. Paul's School.

*Prima facie* there was ever a more improbable conjecture than that this clerk in the War Office was the writer of the Letters of Junius? The *Athenæum* has, indeed, removed some stumbling-blocks, which it was impossible for common sense to get over, by clearing away the rubbish of the "Miscellaneous Letters;" still there remains the one astounding assumption, that this office-bred boy, this office-fed man, this clerk who had married early, and had already a wife and large family and no other dependence than the salary of his office, should hazard everything, his and their means of support and future hopes, that he might indulge his public spirit or private hatred week after week, month after month, year after year, in a series of outrageous attacks on those above him, on those associated with him, on the Government and on the Sovereign, without a chance in his favour of conciliating thereby any person or party, or winning even empty fame:—for, as to the reward which is assumed to have followed, it could never have been hoped for either from "the honour and generosity" as it is called, or the meanness and cowardliness, as we should call it, of Lord Barrington, or of any other English minister or English gentleman,—it was not indeed within the range of a sane man's possible expectations. Observe, too, that this same clerk was, on the assumption, no more to be influenced by private and personal obligations, by gratitude, than by interest or official decency; for Francis, as shown, was indebted for the very situation which he held when he is said to have written these Letters to the kindness of Mr. Welbore Ellis; whom Junius holds up to the most withering contempt,—as "little Mannikin," "Grildrig," "Guy Faux," "the most contemptible little piece of machinery in the whole kingdom,"—for no good or great purpose, indeed no purpose whatever, but that of wantonly insulting him. As to Junius's "vagabond," he was the intimate friend of the Francis family,—to whom Dr. Francis dedicated his 'Eugenia.'

Junius, too, be it observed, continues his outrages so long as Francis remains in office,—so

long as there was a ruinous penalty which, at their mere will and pleasure, it was in the power of the insulted to inflict on him, his wife and children; but after Francis retired from office or was turned out,—Junius is silent and for ever. Mr. Taylor draws emphatic attention to this fact in proof that Francis was Junius! This, he says, is certain, "that all regular intercourse between Junius and the public ceased from the moment that Sir Philip lost his place; and thus a sympathy is established between them." What this means we are at a loss to conjecture:—but we must observe that Junius had ceased all regular intercourse with the public before Francis lost his place. What if he had not!—things coincident are not consequent. Had the exact reverse been true,—had Junius appeared when Francis was turned or elbowed out of office,—human passions might have suggested a possibility and helped us to a conjecture; for human motives are often doubtful, and the public good may be sought and fought for when personal enmity and revenge are the animating spirit. But the author of 'Junius Identified' had no such argument to help him. He took Junius with all the "misleading lights" of Good; and believed that Junius, in addition to the wanton insults offered to Mr. Welbore Ellis, had stigmatized his early friend and patron Lord Chatham as "a lunatic brandishing a crutch"—"a miserable apostate"—"a man purely and perfectly bad,"—so black a villain that "a gibbet is not too honourable a situation for the carcase of such a traitor":—Chatham, whose kindness Francis in 1787 thus referred to in the House of Commons—

"In the early part of my life, I had the good fortune to hold a place, very inconsiderable in itself, but immediately under the late Earl of Chatham. He descended from his station to take notice of mine, and he honoured me with repeated marks of his favour and protection. How dearly, in return, I was attached to his person, and how I have been grateful to his memory, they, who know me, know."

If Francis were Junius, and Junius could write, as he is said to have done, of a man to whom Francis was under such deep obligation,—obligation for those gentle courtesies and humanities which bind men together more strongly than all the direct benefits which the highest has it in his power to confer on the humblest,—then we must believe, in defiance of all which Junius has said to the contrary, that there was one heart in the kingdom "blacker" than either Barrington's or Grafton's:—that of the man who in the wantonness and baseness of ingratitude, and under the protection of a mask, found stimulants to outrage and insult in the very depths of those personal obligations which he was so proud to acknowledge openly before the public.

Yet the Franciscans—with the exception of Mr. Wade, who has so far profited by his readings of the *Athenæum*,—believe all this with a most undoubting faith; and, thus mystified and misled, Mr. Taylor, by a simple perusal of the half-century old Letters, found out the obscure writer in his den of darkness at the Horse Guards. Again and emphatically—a miracle, if true,—the writer of these celebrated Letters concealed himself so effectually from his contemporaries that no one, high or low, in private or in public—not one of his associates, social or political—not one of his fellow clerks, although the facts known to the one could not have escaped the cognizance of all others; to whom a word, a thought, an expression might have betrayed him—some of whom had good reason to hate and detest Junius—not one of all the numbers numberless directly or indirectly connected with the War Office ever conceived a suspicion that Francis was the man:—nay Go-



vernment, as we are told, with the active and unscrupulous assistance of the Post Office could not discover him; and yet the man and the office which he held became distinctly manifest, half a century later, to one to whom all familiar, minute and characteristic circumstances were unknown! These even became, it would seem, palpably, grossly manifest;—for Mr. Taylor and almost all "Franciscans" adduce as strong proof that Francis was the writer, that many circumstances adverted to by Junius could have been known only to some one intimately acquainted with the interior of the government offices, and especially the War Office. "Junius," we are told, "*avows his acquaintance with the Secretary of State's Office*,"—"the War Office is the scene of several dramatic representations, and there is such precision in the secret intelligence" from that office "*as could not be acquired except by one who had access to the fountain head for information*."

We have denied, and deny again, these assertions about secret intelligence—fountain-head information,—but that is not the point now under consideration. We are here merely stating a question of probabilities; and it should, we think, be admitted as in the highest degree improbable that any clerk in the War Office could have been Junius. The facts and evidence adduced in proof that Francis was Junius must be greater, on account of all the improbabilities, than would be required in favour of any other man:—of value only in so far as they outweigh all the moral and social objections.

Another ingenious argument of Mr. Taylor's—if of any force in his sense in 1816, in force as telling exactly the other way in 1850, though the Franciscans are silent on the subject—was this:—Francis was then the only person living to whom the letters of Junius had been attributed; and it was fair, we were told, to infer that Junius was not then dead, because "no papers have hitherto been produced from the portfolio of any deceased author or politician, which could throw light on the subject. The original copies of the Letters which appear to have been returned to the author," [?] &c. "are still probably in his own possession,"—"nor have the two books, bound in vellum, fallen into other hands, as far as we know, than those of the first possessor; though the motive for having been so distinguished by the binding was, doubtless, that by their means, at some distant period, and probably after his death, the honour of having written the work should be reclaimed for the real author." Well, Sir Philip Francis has now been dead more than thirty years:—where are the papers from the portfolio?—where the original copies of the letters?—where the two books bound in vellum? The argument of Francis's life accounting for the non-appearance of the documentary evidence is stripped at once of its cogency by the fact of his death not producing them:—If, says Mr. Taylor, the author of the Letters had been dead we should have had the evidence,—Sir Philip Francis is dead, and we have it not:—argal.

When the names of the Francis were first associated with Junius, the Editor of the *Monthly Magazine* wrote to Sir Philip on the subject, and received the following reply:—

"Sir,—The great civility of your letter induces me to answer it, which with reference merely to the subject-matter, I should have declined. Whether you will assist in giving currency to a silly, malignant falsehood, is a question for your own discretion. To me it is a matter of perfect indifference.

"I am, Sir, yours, &c. P. FRANCIS."

Mr. Taylor observes that the Editor of the *Magazine*, "with a simplicity that does him

honour," took this for a denial, although he had just stated, that—

"if the hypothesis were not true Sir Philip Francis would be able by a word to disprove it. It certainly is not so disproved. No man who had it in his power to give a simple negative to such a question would have had recourse to an innuendo."

It being doubtful, as Mr. Taylor suggests, whether the Editor would give currency to a falsehood by publishing Taylor's assertion or by denying it. Lord Brougham, on the contrary, holds that Taylor's comment is mere over-refining,—"*that Sir Philip's letter was not merely an unequivocal denial, but an indignant and passionate denial,—that Francis felt the charge to be an imputation which it became him to repel with warmth*." Lady Francis, however, calls it "an ingenious evasion;" and Sir Philip Francis told her, as she has lately informed the public (Campbell's 'Chancellors,' vol. vi. p. 345) that "it was no denial, and only fools could take it for one." We would not presume to decide on any point fairly in issue between Doctors so learned:—but we will venture to record a fact, not without its weight and significance—of some interest to Lady Francis and Lord Brougham, and to fifty other speculators *pro* and *con*,—viz. that the letter of Sir Philip to the Editor of the *Monthly Magazine* did not refer to 'Junius Identified' at all! That letter was written and published in 1813,—and 'Junius Identified,' which fixed on Sir Philip Francis as the writer, was not published until 1816! The Editor of the *Monthly Magazine* inquired as to the truth or falsehood of an absurd hypothesis set forth in an anonymous pamphlet called 'A Discovery of the Author of the Letters of Junius,'—the writer of which endeavoured to prove that *Doctor Francis* was the author, assisted by his son Philip, therein stated to have been a youth of nineteen. To suppose that a boy of nineteen could assist Junius—beyond copying or delivering letters, or hunting up information—would be absurd; therefore, virtually, Dr. Francis was stated to have been the writer—"the author" of the title-page—and to this "hypothesis" Sir Francis referred.

Whether after the publication of 'Junius Identified' Sir Philip did or did not equivocate or deny, we know not; but Lady Francis assures us that with her there was no equivocation. "I have doubted," she says in the opening of her statement, "whether I had a right to betray what Sir Philip never would have confessed, and which I could only have obtained the conviction of from his confidence in my discretion." After this expression of fears and about betrayals, the reader will be as curious as we were to hear what Lady Francis did obtain from his confidence in her discretion. An acknowledgment that he was Junius? Oh no:—"he never avowed himself more than saying he knew what my opinion was, and never contradicting it." Sir Philip Francis married this lady when he was in his seventy-fourth or seventy-fifth year,—there was, we believe, a trifle more than half a century's difference in their ages,—and Lady Francis expresses a belief that "the secret of his attachment and marriage so late in life" was that, "like the wife of Midas, he wanted some one to whisper the secret to:—how very strange that the express purpose of his marriage remained unfulfilled, and that he never did whisper it to her! Short of acknowledgment, however, he did all in his power—and some curious things, as we shall hereafter show—to confirm her "foregone" conclusions. But with the best disposition to have her believe that he was Junius, the reader must bear in mind that he never did or said anything but what any other man might have done or said,—though few

would have ventured so boldly except very old men with very young wives. "The first gift after our marriage," she continues, "was an edition of Junius, which he bid me take to my room, and not let it be seen, or speak on the subject; and his posthumous present, which his son found in his bureau, was 'Junius Identified,' sealed up and directed to me." These are certainly startling facts. The posthumous present has something so solemn about it, that it seems shocking to treat of it as a mystification or a hoax. Yet, if Sir Philip Francis intended thereby to assure his wife of the truth of what he knew was her "opinion," as she naturally inferred, he might have inclosed with it the "set bound in vellum, gilt and lettered, Junius 1, 2,"—or some notes or documents which, though not a distinct avowal, might have been somewhat more conclusive than a book which any man could pick up at a book-stall and inclose to whom he pleased. Be this as it may, it must be admitted that Sir Philip Francis had recourse to some extraordinary means to confirm Lady Francis in the opinion that he was the writer of the celebrated Letters; but it is nevertheless a fact that he never did "avow" himself,—and was, as also declared, sensitively anxious to avoid being questioned on the subject.

Lady Francis further tells us that "his manners and conversation on this mysterious subject were such as to leave me not a shadow of doubt on the fact of his being the author, telling me circumstances that none but Junius could know." Here we must observe, that it requires a little more knowledge than is possessed by nineteen out of twenty of those who have written on the subject to decide which are "circumstances that none but Junius could know."—Waiving that, however, it is to be regretted that while Lady Francis was in a communicative mood she did not tell Lord Campbell and the public one of these circumstances. Such is precisely the evidence we want,—and a fact of that character would be worth more than a whole volume of speculative possibilities. Since Good's edition was published, we have had acres of paper wasted on revelations of one sort or another,—but a single fact of what Junius did, and none but Junius could, know would outweigh them all. If Sir Philip Francis were Junius, it is obvious that he must have known such by the hundred; and, after Lady Francis's statement, it would be ridiculous to talk of his being bound to secrecy, or of scruples, or of delicacy, or of honour—particularly as we have already shown that honour is out of the question if Junius were Sir Philip. There was no necessity for a distinct avowal,—fact and circumstances would have told more emphatically; and it is obvious that, short of direct avowal, Sir Philip Francis was willing to do anything or say anything to uphold and strengthen the opinion that he was Junius.

Sir Philip appears, indeed, to have said more than Lady Francis informed Lord Campbell: for Mr. Wade now distinctly states that Lord Chatham corresponded with Junius, which is also stated by Sir F. Darris, on the authority of Du Bois,—and further, that before Sir Philip Francis went to India, he—

"*avowed himself to be the author, and his avowal was made known to the King and the government, whether to the whole of the ministry, or exclusively to His Majesty and Lord North, does not appear*." This statement [says Mr. Wade] I make on the authority of communications from Lady Francis, and other survivors of the family of Sir P. Francis."

Now, with all respect for Lady Francis and the survivors of the family, we must observe that these partial and bit-by-bit revelations are open to very serious objections, even if they did not contradict each other. In this instance,



it is obvious that if, as Lady Francis assured Lord Campbell in 1845, Sir Philip Francis "never avowed himself" to her as the author, she could not know from him that "before he went to India" he had "avowed himself to be the author" to others. Of course the reader, if at all acquainted with the subject, has heard the above story before, though it appears to have been new to Mr. Wade; for it was told as a report by Taylor thirty years since, and discredited, if not disproved, almost as long ago by Mr. Barker. He stated, with express reference to it, that he was informed by His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, "that in the last conversation which His Royal Highness held with his mother, the late Queen Charlotte, she assured him that George the Third did not know who wrote the Letters of Junius." Here, then, an old, discredited "report"—and that is the best that could be said of it in its best day—suddenly changes its character, and assumes the appearance of a confidential communication from Sir Philip Francis to his wife or one of his family, contradicted by his widow's direct assertion that such confidential communication was never made.

The pamphlet to which we have already alluded as published in 1813 was written by Mr. John Taylor, since so much better known as the author of 'Junius Identified,'—and entitled—

"A Discovery of the Author of the Letters of Junius, founded on such evidence and illustrations as explain all the mysterious circumstances and apparent contradictions which have contributed to the concealment of this 'most important secret of our times.'"

Whether this pamphlet went before its time to the trunk-maker or was bought up and destroyed we know not, but certainly it is very difficult to obtain a copy. The writer of the review of 'Junius Identified' in the *Edinburgh* does not appear to have seen it,—my Lord Brougham apparently knew nothing about it when, in 1845, he published the last but one of his opinions on the subject of Francis and Junius,—Sir F. D'warris has evidently not heard of it. It was in this pamphlet, as we have mentioned, that Mr. Taylor cleared up "all the mysterious circumstances" by proclaiming that Dr. Francis was the author, assisted by his son Philip, a youth of nineteen, as Mr. Taylor said:—which hypothesis, as above stated, Sir Philip denounced as "a silly and malignant falsehood." Now, "silly" it certainly was. But to describe it as a "malignant falsehood" was ungenerous and unjust; for, as Mr. Taylor has since publicly stated, before the pamphlet was published, he—

"requested a friend to call on Sir Philip Francis and inform him, that if he had the slightest objection to have his name connected with the investigation, he might rely on the total suppression of the work;"—to which Sir Philip Francis replied: "You are quite at liberty to print whatever you think proper, provided nothing scandalous be said of my private character." Nothing scandalous was said. The pamphlet was a simple, argumentative piece of nonsense, perfectly respectful to both father and son; and to denounce it publicly after this coarse rude fashion, is proof to us that Sir Philip acted throughout on principles not consistent with a high-minded, generous, and abstract love of truth.

Further, according to Mr. Wade, as we understand him, after the publication of this pamphlet, but before the publication of 'Junius Identified,'—though whether before or after makes no difference,—Sir Philip Francis attempted a diversion. He called upon Mr. Taylor and intimated his surprise at the wild goose chase in which he had learned he was wasting his time: said that so many years had elapsed,

and so many fruitless attempts had been made to discover Junius, that it now seemed perfectly hopeless to expect he would ever be found out. 'He would be a lucky person indeed,' continued Sir Philip, 'who could find out Junius: why, it would make a man's fortune.' Finding these discouragements had failed to make the desired impression, Sir Philip observed at parting, 'If you do persist in your purpose, I hope you will present me with a copy of your book.'

Call you this discouragement?—and is it consistent with the indignant letter addressed to the "Editor of the *Monthly Magazine*"?—We shall now revert to the history of the discovery.

It was manifest at a glance that "all the mysterious circumstances" were not satisfactorily explained by Mr. Taylor's hypothesis. It was impossible to believe that Dr. Francis, a clergyman,—a man of position and character—of great and varied accomplishments—a man of learning—a known ministerial writer—one who had been ranked by opposition as amongst the gentlemen pensioners of the press during Lord Bute's ascendancy—the agent employed by Lord Bute's friend and the King's friend to buy off Churchill—the personal favourite of the King, who, it is said, had bestowed on him a living and the chaplaincy of Chelsea Hospital,—should, being dead, turn out to be Junius! The conjecture was altogether so wild and strange, that Sir Philip might very naturally call it "silly." Mr. Taylor appears to have thought so; for within a year or two, and for reasons to be hereafter guessed at, he silently threw the Doctor overboard with all the multitudinous quotations from Demosthenes and Horace,—and lo, Philip the son reigned in his stead! Undeterred by the ill success of his first venture,—regardless of the rebuke of being publicly denounced as the writer of a silly and malignant falsehood,—Mr. Taylor "shot an arrow of the self-same flight," and brought down a new quarry feathered at all points as Junius.—Having said thus much about the "history," we come to the "mystery" of 'Junius Identified.'

About this time, possibly in consequence of the publication of the first pamphlet, Mr. Taylor became acquainted with Mr. Du Bois. Du Bois, Sir Fortunatus D'warris tells us, was "a connexion" of Sir Philip Francis,—meaning, we suppose, that they were distantly related. Other accounts say that he was his private secretary. Certainly he had been in close communication with him. So early as 1807 Du Bois published an edition of Francis's 'Horace'; and the truth probably is told in the preface to that work, where Du Bois says,—

"The humble office imposed upon me was merely to correct a copy of the most approved edition of Dr. Francis's 'Horace.' The booksellers required that the work should be sent immediately to press; and what is added to it was furnished during its progress. Desirous of some information on the subject, I took the liberty of waiting on Sir Philip Francis, who not only courteously instructed me in every thing that I wished to know, but supplied me, after several intrusions on his time, with three very ingenious notes."

We infer from the wording of this passage that there was no relationship, or even acquaintance, between them before 1807;—and from the fact that Lady Francis's statement was, in 1845, sent through Mr. Du Bois to Lord Campbell, that from that time the intimacy continued so long as Sir Philip lived.

Mr. Du Bois was a man of considerable ability; notoriously fond of a joke, even in his old age, and when presiding, as he did for many years, in the Court of Requests. He became early somewhat celebrated in a small way, by his 'Old Nick,' published in 1802, 'My Pocket Book,' in 1807,—the joke in which had to be cracked in the courts of law. At the time when, or shortly after, we assume him to have

become acquainted with Francis, he was editor of 'The Monthly Mirror.' In this latter periodical appeared, in May and June 1810, the Memoir of Sir Philip Francis before referred to,—written, it was understood, by Mr. Du Bois. Indeed, there is a vein of humour running throughout which betrays him in every line:—still we are of opinion (and Mr. Barker came to the same conclusion), that the facts must have been furnished by Francis. It was avowedly on the hints in this Memoir, which Mr. Taylor had not seen when he wrote his pamphlet, that he set to work once again, as we believe, with the aid of Mr. Du Bois,—and then favoured the public with his new hypothesis about Sir Philip. More than one person who was intimate with the parties at the time have spoken of Du Bois as the real author of 'Junius Identified.' Lord Campbell introduces Lady Francis's statement with the following acknowledgment:—

"I am indebted for it to the kindness of my old and excellent friend, Mr. Edward Dubois, the ingenious author of 'Junius Identified.'"—*Chancellors*, vol. vi. p. 345.

Lord Campbell's work was published while Mr. Du Bois was living,—Mr. Taylor is still living:—yet no contradiction or explanation has appeared. Mr. Taylor's attention has been drawn to this statement in that useful little work 'Notes and Queries,'—and yet he has made no sign. Sir Fortunatus D'warris, the intimate friend of Du Bois, goes further. "Junius Identified," he tells us, "is said to have been prepared under the eye of Sir Philip Francis, it may be, through the agency of Mr. Du Bois." Of course Du Bois always declared that Taylor "wrote" the pamphlet:—which may, in the words of Lady Francis, be called "an ingenious evasion." No doubt he wrote it. The question is, who suggested it—who furnished the materials?

No matter to what extent Du Bois originated or assisted in this "discovery"; it must be obvious to the reader that this friend, acquaintance, connexion, or secretary of Sir Philip's was somehow or other mixed up with it from the first hour down to Lady Francis's communication in 1845:—nay, down to 1849, for Sir F. D'warris describes his pamphlet as containing "some gossiping communications" received from Du Bois "shortly before" his death. Whether Du Bois first suggested the idea,—whether he was at the time in earnest or in jest, whether Francis was ignorant of or countenanced the "discovery,"—is matter of speculation which we shall leave to the reader. Du Bois may have been sincere: Taylor, we have little doubt, was sincere: Francis may have been willing, with seeming simplicity, to help one or both to evidence, or what looked like evidence, of what, as we have had abundant proof, he had no objection to have believed; and we shall show hereafter that Sir Philip certainly allowed the writer of 'Junius Identified' and others to adduce circumstances, in proof that he was the writer, which he knew to be false.—Thus much it was necessary to state as to the feelings of Sir Philip in respect to what he is generally believed to have publicly disowned as a "malignant" falsehood, before entering on the consideration of the evidence itself.—This we shall do next week.

*London and its Celebrities. A Second Series of Literary and Historical Memorials of London.* By J. Henenage Jesse. 2 vols. Bentley.

It will be in the remembrance, no doubt, of many of our readers,—and still more strongly, perhaps, in the remembrance of Mr. Jesse's purchasers,—that that gentleman was guilty about three years back of perpetrating two of the dullest, and, as far as errors went, worst volumes that the

London press has given about London or on any other subject in which common accuracy is the essential quality. These two volumes—which we found ourselves called on to condemn [*Athen.* No. 1034]—were an instalment of *four*; and Mr. Jesse, thunderstruck at the reception which his book encountered, not only from ourselves but from the father of all antiquarian periodical literature—our old friend Sylvanus Urban,—properly withheld for a time the other half of his work. He has had the good sense, at the same time, to put himself to school on the subject of his election,—and to wait for the publication of Mr. Cunningham's 'Handbook for London.' The result of this long period for revision is such as will secure him a welcome. His present publication—and we have read it with a suspicious eye—is a safe and agreeable book. We say safe because, like a prudent mariner, he has steered by authorities more careful than himself,—and we add agreeable because Mr. Jesse has never failed in concocting at least a plausible book on any subject which he has taken in hand. He makes a good sketch—groups his materials with a painter's eye—and mixes his colours well. But the hand of genius is wanting when the whole gets beyond the sketch and the skeleton. Heaps of useless epithets and a rich redundancy of words choke his facts and overload his sentences; and it seems never to occur to him how much type he might save his printer with advantage to himself and to the eyes and understandings of his readers.

In a short Preface, Mr. Jesse tells us why he appears so late in the field, and what he has been about.—

"It appears to the author that some apology is required for the publication of these volumes. When he first contemplated writing a work on 'London,' it occurred to him that to persons whose avocations, whether of business or pleasure, led them to traverse the thoroughfares of the Great Metropolis, a work might not be unacceptable, which should point out such sites and edifices as have been rendered classical either by the romantic or literary associations of past times. It was a subject which has always afforded pleasure to the author, and he was sanguine enough to hope that he might be enabled to impart some pleasure to others. Other literary occupations, however, interfered to engage the leisure hours of the author; and in the mean time, after he had collected many of his materials, Mr. Knight commenced and completed the periodical publication of his interesting work on 'London.' Had the plan of Mr. Knight's work corresponded with that of the author he would unquestionably have relinquished his task. But as such was not the case, and moreover, as he was thus supplied with many valuable additional facts,—which the author gladly takes this opportunity of acknowledging,—it had the contrary effect of encouraging him to resume his original project. But the author subsequently found that he had other difficulties to contend against. This Second Series of his work was already in the hands of his publisher, when there appeared successively 'The Town,' by Mr. Leigh Hunt,—and Mr. Peter Cunningham's 'Handbook,'—the latter the most valuable work on 'London' which has appeared since the time of Stow. It is therefore with considerable and unaffected diffidence that the author submits to the public this Second Series of his work; for certainly had he been aware of the formidable literary rivalry which he was likely to encounter, he would on no account have entered the lists. In a work like the present, where there occur minute facts and dates at almost every page, there must almost necessarily be many errors; and for these the author can only throw himself on the consideration and indulgence of the reader."

Again, in the body of the work, "the author takes the earliest opportunity of acknowledging his frequent obligations to Mr. Cunningham, whose 'Handbook' has appeared in the interval between the publication of his first two and these

concluding volumes,"—and adds, "Could the author have foreseen that so valuable a work on London was forthcoming, his own gossiping memoirs would never have been published."—But the most conspicuous testimonial to Mr. Cunningham's book is, the copious use which has been made of its contents. It is not for us to conjecture how far these compliments may reconcile Mr. Cunningham to the wholesale diluting of his book,—but we can imagine that Mr. Murray (so properly sensitive in the great American question) will scarcely approve of this encroachment on the pages of one of the most popular of his Handbooks.

It was well said by Sir William Davenant that no man grew great by imitation,—“as no man,” he adds, “who sails by others’ maps can make a new discovery.” Mr. Jesse pretends to no new discovery. He takes the most accessible books,—and mixes his extracts with the conversation of the breakfast-table and the gossip which he has heard over a glass of wine. There is nothing in his volumes drawn from hidden sources. Yet there are passages that are curious:—and some, as our readers shall see, that deserve quotation.

Here is a plausible speculation about the final destination of the remains of Oliver Cromwell.

"Formerly there existed a favourite tradition among the inhabitants of Red Lion Square and its vicinity, that the body of Oliver Cromwell was buried in the centre of their square, beneath an obelisk, which stood there till within the last few years. The likelihood of such a fact strikes us, at first thought, as improbable enough; and yet, on consideration, we are inclined to think that beneath this spot not improbably moulder, not only the bones of the great Protector, but also those of Ireton and Bradshaw, whose remains were disinterred at the same time from Westminster Abbey, and exposed on the same gallows. As regards the last resting-place of these remarkable men, the contemporary accounts simply inform us, that on the anniversary of the death of Charles the First, their bodies were borne on sledges to Tyburn, where, after having hung till sunset, they were cut down and beheaded; that their bodies were then flung into a hole at the foot of the gallows, and their heads fixed upon poles on the roof of Westminster Hall. From the word Tyburn being here so distinctly laid down, it has usually been taken for granted that it was intended to designate the well-known place for executing criminals, nearly at the north end of Park Lane, or, as it was anciently styled, Tyburn Lane. When we read, however, of a criminal, in old times, being executed at Tyburn, we are not necessarily to presume that it was at this particular spot; the gallows having unquestionably been shifted at times from place to place, and the word Tyburn having been given indiscriminately, for the time being, to each distinct spot. For instance, sixty years before the death of Cromwell, the gallows were frequently erected at the extremity of St. Giles's parish, at the end of the present Tottenham Court Road; while for nearly two centuries the Holborn end of Fetter Lane, within a short distance of Red Lion Square, was no less frequently the place of execution. Indeed, in 1613, only a few years before the execution and gibbeting of Cromwell, we find Nathaniel Tomkins executed at this spot for his share in Waller's plot to surprise the city. In addition, however, to these surmises, is the curious fact of the bodies of Cromwell and Ireton having been brought in carts, on the night previous to their exposure on the gibbet, to the Red Lion Inn, Holborn,—from which Red Lion Square derives its name,—where they rested during the night. In taking this step it is surely not unreasonable to presume that the Government had in view the selection of a house in the immediate vicinity of the scaffold, in order that the bodies might be in readiness for the disgusting exhibition of the following morning. Supposing this to have been the case, the place of their exposure and interment could scarcely have been the end of Tyburn Lane, inasmuch as the distance thither from Westminster is actually shorter than that from Westminster to Red Lion Square; while, at the same time, there was apparently no good reason for adopting so

circuitous a route. The object of the Government could hardly have been to create a sensation, by parading the bodies along a populous thoroughfare, inasmuch as the ground between St. Giles's Fount and Tyburn, a distance of a mile and a half, was at this period almost entirely open country. The author has dwelt longer, perhaps, on the subject than such vague surmises may seem to deserve. The question, however, is not altogether an uninteresting one, and there may be others, probably, who may have the means of, and who may take a pleasure in, further elucidating it."

Our readers will forgive us, however, if we do not place reliance on Mr. Jesse's belief in this matter. We wish he could prove to us that Tyburn was a moveable place of execution, or supply a single reference to a good authority in which other places of execution in London were called Tyburn.

The last appearance of old Somerset House has afforded Mr. Jesse a good opportunity for some pleasant word-painting.—

"At the extremity of the apartments which had been occupied by Henrietta Maria, and subsequently by Catherine of Braganza, two large folding-doors opened into the ancient portion of the structure, into which, it would seem, for nearly a century, a human foot had scarcely ever intruded. Wandering through gloomy and uninhabitable apartments,—passing from room to room, and from corridor to corridor,—the intruders witnessed a strange and melancholy spectacle of departed splendour—a scene of mouldering walls and broken casements, of crumbling roofs and decayed furniture. The first apartment which they entered had apparently been the bedchamber of royalty. The floor was of oak, and the ceiling stuccoed. It was also panelled with oak, with gilt mouldings: some of the sconces still remained attached to the walls of the apartment, and from the ceiling there still hung a chain, from which a chandelier had once been suspended. In another of the apartments a chandelier was still hanging, and in a third were velvet curtains, which had once been crimson, fringed with gold. Their colour had faded to a tawdry olive, and only a few splinters and shreds of gold afforded evidence of their former costliness. In the audience-chamber the silken hangings still hung in tatters from the walls. There were two apartments which excited especial attention, from their having been converted into store-rooms for those trappings of royalty, which, in consequence of the gradual modernization of the rest of the structure, had from time to time been deposited in them. They contained articles of various kinds, the production and the fashion of different reigns, if not of different ages. Mixed with broken cushions and tattered hangings—with stools, screens, sconces, and fire-dogs—were discovered the vestiges of a throne, together with the spangled velvet with which it had once been canopied. Altogether, these deserted apartments presented a scene in which the imagination of Mrs. Radcliffe would have delighted to revel; and in which the muse of Dr. Johnson might have found fit food for meditating on the vanity of human wishes."

The readers of history to whom it may be new will like to hear where the young Pretender was lodged when last in London.—

"It was in Essex Street, at the house of a staunch Jacobite, Lady Primrose, that Prince Charles Edward was concealed during the secret visit which he paid to London, in 1750. 'In September, 1750,' says Dr. King, 'I received a note from my Lady Primrose, who desired to see me immediately. As soon as I waited on her, she led me into her dressing-room, and presented me to (the Pretender). If I was surprised to find him there, I was still more astonished when he acquainted me with the motives which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at this juncture. The impatience of his friends, who were in exile, had formed a scheme which was impracticable; but although it had been as feasible as they had represented it to him, yet no preparation had been made to carry it into execution. He was soon convinced that he had been deceived, and, therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to the place whence he came.' It was in Lady Primrose's hospitable mansion, in Essex Street, that the interesting

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Flora Macdonald had previously found an asylum, when released from confinement by the Act of Grace, in 1747. At the south end of Essex Street may be seen two large pillars, with Corinthian capitals, apparently a portion of the old water-entrance to Essex House."

Here is a bit from the breakfast-table. The anecdotes are curious.—

"The author of the 'Pleasures of Memory' informs us that, when a boy, having an ardent desire to behold and converse with a man whose name was so illustrious in English Literature, he determined on introducing himself to the great Lexicographer, in the hope that his youth and inexperience might plead his excuse. Accordingly, he proceeded to Bolt Court, and after much hesitation, had actually his hand on the knocker, when his heart failed him, and he went away. The late Mr. D'Israeli used to relate, in conversation, a somewhat similar anecdote. Anxious to obtain the acquaintance and the countenance of so illustrious a name, and smitten with the literary enthusiasm of youth, he enclosed some verses of his own composition to Dr. Johnson, and in a modest appeal, solicited the opinion of the great critic as to their merits. Having waited for some time without receiving any acknowledgment of his communication, he proceeded to Bolt Court, and laid his hand upon the knocker with the same feelings of shyness and hesitation which had influenced his youthful contemporary, Mr. Rogers. His feelings may be readily imagined, when, on making the necessary inquiries of the servant who opened the door, he was informed that, only a few hours before, the great lexicographer had breathed his last."

Mr. Jesse in the following passage has well represented the feelings of many visitors to the Church of St. Olave's, Hart Street.—

"Not the least interesting object in St. Olave's church is a small monument of white marble, surmounted with the bust of a female displaying considerable beauty, and enriched with cherubim, skeletons' heads, palm-branches, and other ornaments. This monument is to the memory of Elizabeth, the fair wife of the gossiping, bustling, good-humoured Secretary of the Admiralty, Samuel Pepys, who erected this memorial in testimony of his affection and his grief. To many persons, indeed, the principal charm of St. Olave's Church consists in its connection with the personal history of that most entertaining of autobiographers, and the frequent notices of it which occur in his amusing pages. Pepys resided close by in Seething Lane, and St. Olave's was his parish church. So little, indeed, has the old building been altered by time, and so graphic are the notices of it which occur in his 'Diary' that we almost imagine we see the familiar figure of the smartly-attired Secretary in one of the old oak pews; his fair wife reading out of the same prayer-book with him; her long glossy tresses falling over her shoulders; her eye occasionally casting a furtive glance at the voluptuous-looking satin petticoat of which she had borrowed the idea either from the Duchess of Orleans, or Lady Castlemaine; and her pretty face displaying as many of the fashionable black patches of the period, as her good-natured husband would allow her to disfigure herself with. The inscription on her monument, in Latin, informs us that she was descended in the female line from the noble family of the Cliffords; that she received her education at the court of France; that her virtues were only equalled by the beauty of her person and the accomplishments of her mind; that she was married at the age of fourteen, and that she died at the age of twenty-nine."

Few as they pass along Cheapside have failed to observe a balcony in the tower of Bow Church, —but few perhaps before the publication of Mr. Cunningham's book understood the purpose of its being there. This is well illustrated by Mr. Jesse.—

"Over the doorway of Bow Church, as seen from the side of Cheapside, may be observed a small balcony, with which considerable interest attaches itself. When tournaments were held in Cheapside, and when all great processions passed through this important thoroughfare, there stood on the north side of the old church, as early as the reign of Edward the Third, a stone building, called the Crown-sid or shed, in which the Kings of England

and their consorts sat as spectators; and from this circumstance, there can be little doubt that the balcony to which we have alluded owes its origin. It was in the Crown-sid, in 1509, that Henry the Eighth sat, disguised in the garb of a yeoman of the guard, to witness the procession of the city watch at night, on the eve of St. John. 'The city music,' we are told, 'preceded the Lord Mayor's officers in party-coloured liveries; then followed the sword-bearer, on horseback, in beautiful armour, before the Lord Mayor, mounted also on a stately horse, richly caparisoned, and attended by a giant and two pages on horseback, three pageants, morrice-dancers, and footmen. The sheriffs marched next, preceded also by their officers in proper liveries, and attended by their giants, pages, morrice-dancers and pageants; then followed a large body of demi-lancers in bright armour on stately horses; and after them a body of carabineers in white fustian coats, with the city arms upon their backs and breasts; a division of archers with their bows bent, and shafts of arrows by their side; a party of pikemen in crosslets and helmets; a body of halberdiers also in crosslets and helmets; and a great party of billmen, with helmets and aprons of mail, brought up the rear. The whole consisted of about two thousand, in several divisions, with musicians, drums, standards and ensigns, ranked and answering each other in proper places; who marched from the conduit at the west end of Cheapside, through Cheapside, Poultry, Cornhill and Lundenhall Street to Aldgate; and back again through Fenchurch Street, Gracechurch Street, Cornhill, and so back to the conduit from whence it first set out; illuminated with nine hundred and forty cressets, or large lanterns, fixed at the ends of poles, and carried on men's shoulders; of which two hundred were provided at the expense of the city; five hundred at the expense of the incorporated companies, and two hundred and forty at the expense of the city constables. And besides these, the streets were well lighted with a great number of lamps hung against the houses on each side, decorated with garlands of flowers and greens.' So delighted was King Henry with the spectacle, that on the occasion of the next procession, which took place on the eve of St. Peter and St. Paul, he carried the Queen and her ladies to witness the sight, from the 'crown-sid' in Cheapside. Charles the Second and Queen Anne are severally mentioned as witnessing the pageantry of Lord Mayor's day from 'a balcony' in Cheapside, but whether or no it was from the 'crown-sid' of Bow Church, we have no means of ascertaining."

In a short paragraph about St. Andrew's, Holborn, Mr. Jesse makes two assertions which we feel assured he cannot support.—"In St. Andrew's Church, of which he was for some years the parish clerk, lies buried John Webster, the author of 'The White Devil,' 'The Duchess of Malfy,' and other plays." Now, the fact of the parish clerkship is, after diligent inquiry, justly discredited by Mr. Dyce,—and we can assure Mr. Jesse that the registers of St. Andrew's have been searched in vain for the entry of his burial. Webster is just as likely to have been buried in St. Stephen's or St. Saviour's as in St. Andrew's, Holborn—or at Islington near Canonbury Tower,—which we are sorry to learn from Mr. Jesse is no longer shown to the public. "Those," says Mr. Jesse, "who may be desirous to obtain admission to its interior, are forewarned that, as recently happened to the author, they will only expose themselves to disappointment and incivility."

*Ten Years in India; or, the Life of a Young Officer.* By Capt. Albert Hervey. 3 vols. Shoberl.

HAD we been just now in search of further illustration of an argument, not unfamiliar to the readers of the *Athenæum*, on the low general scale of acquirement in the army, fortune could scarcely have sent us one better suited to our purpose than the three scarlet-coated volumes before us. Two-thirds of the matter is concerned with an account of the silliest of adven-

tures, or the record of the most frivolous details of daily routine. That any man should sit down seriously to write such things, may be taken as a strong expression of the idleness and ennui which seek any means of relief in the service,—but that he should go through the deliberate process of publication after reading over what he had thus written, must be taken to imply either the absence of consultation with his professional brethren, or, as we have hinted, a very low standard of literary judgment in the profession. The style is worse than the matter,—rambling, vague, weak, and incoherent. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks—partly because of them—the book possesses an interest which the author may not have intended,—for it is gained at his own expense and at that of his fellow officers. Capt. Hervey has the merit of truthfulness,—and blurts out a confession with the frankness, conscious or unconscious, of a soldier. The public feeling was deeply wounded a few weeks ago, when the fact was made known in London that in Ceylon Capt. Watson was in the habit of signing proclamations of life and death of which he did not understand a syllable. The same habit, it would seem, prevails almost universally in Hindústan. Our officers in command, it is asserted, constantly impose on themselves and on the natives in this way:—issue orders, receive reports, which they act on, without comprehending a word of the language in which they are conveyed. On this point Capt. Hervey says:—

"A young fellow is often laughed out of the good intention of studying the language, by being told that it is all stuff and nonsense; there is no necessity for it; nobody thinks of such a thing until after having been five or six years in the service; that a man can get on well enough without putting himself to such trouble and expense; that all he has to do is to say 'Achha' (Anglice, 'very good') to everything that may be told or reported to him—'Achha' was the word which would carry him through every difficulty—'Achha' was the talismanic disyllable which was to do all his duty, and transact every business with the native soldiery. Nothing else was required! Now, just to prove the impropriety of this advice, I will relate an anecdote of a little circumstance which occurred to one of our doing duty ensigns at Palaveram. It so happened that he was orderly officer of the day on the occasion of the regimental lines being on fire. It was his particular duty to be present on the spot, and to assist in putting the fire out. The bugles sounded 'the alarm,'—the drums beat 'the long roll,'—guards and pickets turned out,—and the men flocked to the place. The officers were also present doing all they could to extinguish the flames. Everybody was on the spot, excepting the one of all others who should have been there, viz., the officer of the day, who was nowhere to be found; not at his post, at all events. He was seated in his bungalow, in dishabille, smoking a cigar—taking it coolly, as people say. He had heard the bugles, but he did not know one 'call' from another; and as for the drums, he imagined them to be some one practising! Presently in rushed a havildar (sergeant) breathless with running, 'Sahib! sahib, line ko ringar laggya! (Sir, sir, the lines are on fire!) The young officer responded to the intelligence by saying, 'Achha!' The havildar retired. Shortly after in came a naigir (corporal), repeating the same fact, 'Achha' was the answer he got, and he retired also. I happened to gallop through the man's compound, on my way to the lines, and called out to him, but he heeded me not. 'Where is the officer of the day?' inquired the major. 'Send and call him! send an orderly immediately!' An orderly came and found my gentleman seated as before! 'Major Sahib bolatā hai—sahib!' exclaimed the orderly.—('The major calls you, sir'), and quitted the bungalow; but 'Achha' was the answer he received. Another orderly came, and received the same reply. At last in galloped the adjutant. 'Hallo! Is Mr. — at home?' Up jumped the unfortunate griffin, puffing his cigar, with a glass of brandy pawney in his hand, and went out. 'Do you want me? What



is the matter?" "Cool fellow!" thought he of the brazen spurs. "Matter, sir?" asked the adjutant. "Don't you know that the lines are on fire, and that you should be there? The major has sent twice for you, and you are not moving! You have got yourself into a precious scrape! Make haste and put on your things, and hurry down to the barracks!" "Poor lad! He had made as much haste as he could, and presented himself long after the fire had been put out."

In another place Capt. Hervey tells us, that "the greater number of officers now on the staff, and holding the highest, most influential, and most important situations in almost every department, have not passed any examination, and know little or nothing of the languages." These words he prints with all the emphasis of italics. Of the confusion, the cruelty, and the malpractices caused by this ignorance these volumes furnish abundant evidence.

The relation of the European to the native and to the half-caste population receives some additional illustration from these volumes. Unlike the great conquering races of antiquity, the Saxon, it appears, will not mix with the subdued race:—the one great fact, should it prove unalterable, which threatens peril to our Eastern dominion. We cannot extirpate the natives of Hindustan, as we do the savages of Australia and the red men of America, in order to recolonize the country; and unless we take some root in the soil—employ other than mere material means of sustaining the empire which we have founded—a time may come when Buddhist, Brahmin, and Mohammedan may combine, and, using the weapons that we are teaching them to wield, expel us from the land. Capt. Hervey says, rather than take to wife a lady of even Indo-British parentage, he would marry an ourang-outang,—though he admits that they possess wealth, beauty, talents, and refined manners. We think an ourang-outang the proper companion for a gentleman who holds and avows so unreasoning a prejudice. Capt. Hervey's account of the intercourse of the Saxon with people of pure blood reminds us of the inveterate and disgraceful prejudice of the Americans against the Negro blood.—Calcutta, it is fair to say, seems to be somewhat more civilized than Madras.—

"Vepery-baits!" What in the name of fortune can they be? They are not "white-baits" truly, (for there is little or no white in them,) but they are queer sorts of baits, by nibbling at which young men are very liable to be hooked. And when once hooked, there is no disentangling themselves therefrom. The inhabitants of Vepery and its environs are composed generally of Eurasians, or Indo-Britons (or, to speak more plainly, half-castes); some of them rolling in wealth, and aping all the airs and following all the customs of consequential importance which that wealth can command. They live in excellent houses, furnished in first-rate style, keep up splendid establishments, and do all they possibly can to vie with the European residents in the elegance of their abodes or the brilliancy of their equipages. These people have never been out of the country. They have been born and brought up at Madras, and are consequently little calculated to associate with the well-bred and educated families from England, who compose the *élite* of the society. They try, however, all they can to induce European gentlemen to enter within the precincts of their houses, by holding out to them all manner of allurements to gain their company, and have their names down on their drawing-room tables. Those, however, who are known to associate with these sable-browed individuals are kept at arm's length by respectable people, and never allowed to enter the circles of the select community of the place. Time was when officers of the Madras army used to mix promiscuously with them, but such things never occur now-a-days. A person of colour is seldom or ever seen amongst the European residents, and where they are they are looked upon as dark spots (which they certainly are), casting a gloom over the fairer portion of those amongst whom

they move. In Calcutta they are numerous, and I have heard that the names of many of them are down on the list of government-house visitors. They are there admitted into society, and officers very frequently marry their daughters. The '*Koi-Hais*' call them by the very queer term of '*Chee-Chee*.' What that means I know not, but with us they go by the designation of '*Vepery-Brahmins*,'—and a very apt one too it is. But to proceed. Many of the children of the Eurasian families (in fact all) are brought up at schools kept by English people, who receive them as pupils at moderate charges; and males as well as females are tolerably educated in all the fine accomplishments requisite for ladies and gentlemen. They are taught English also. But the way in which they talk it is quite a different thing. Their language is grammatical, but their pronunciation gives a real Englishman a feeling of disgust. There is something so peculiarly '*half-caste*' in it, and it carries with it such sounds and modes of expression, so different to what the ear is accustomed in England, that the very hearing these people speak is offensive. Their education finished, the females return to their parents, who do all they can to catch eligibles for their daughters; while the sons are generally provided for as clerks in the government or mercantile offices, or set up in business. They are thus enabled to gain an honest and respectable independence, without incurring their relatives. In their own places and sphere the men are as they should be; but the slightest encouragement added to their wealth and self-importance renders them overbearing, and in every way objectionable. Now officers belonging to regiments stationed in Madras are frequently thrown amongst these dark-eyed bewitching syrens, and are very liable to become smitten with their charms. I must say the young women are very pretty, notwithstanding their colour. The consequences of associating with them are almost inevitable. Young, unthinking ensigns and lieutenants easily fall into the trap set for them:—the bait is a sweet one; they propose, are accepted as a matter of course, and are obliged, *volens volens*, to marry. Such an affair seldom occurs when men are in their sober senses. A dinner or supper takes place, plenty of wine is drunk, and then they are ripe for fun and mischief. Coming in contact with some of these creatures, they are carried away by the excitement of the moment, and, scarcely aware of what they are doing, they get themselves into an awkward predicament, from which in their calmer senses they would willingly extricate themselves, but from which there is no release. The proposition made is accepted,—the bait has been nibbled and swallowed,—and the unfortunate victim hooked for life. I have known several instances in which young care-free nothing lads have been thus entrapped;—men of excellent connexions at home yoking themselves with families far beneath them, and such as they would be ashamed to introduce to their relatives. There is generally plenty of money with these Vepery-baits. A man who is '*hard up*' makes a good business of it *pro tempore*: but the cash once expended, which it very soon is, away flies everything else, verifying the old adage that when poverty comes in at the door, love beats a hasty retreat with outspread wings through the window. I have scarcely ever heard of any of these matches turning out well. Quite the contrary. The wife is no companion to the husband. There is a wide difference between the two in every respect. They cannot consequently pull together as man and wife should do, and the end of the connexion is oftentimes lamentable and disgraceful. The man who marries a '*Vepery-Brahmin*' (except he be himself one of that fraternity) is a fool and is to be pitied. I would rather marry an ourang-outang."

Our readers will see how full of absurdity all this statement is; yet it discloses an unwholesome feeling of caste which no doubt may be supposed to exist more or less:—that it is universal, cannot be accepted on the strength of paragraphs so full of inconsistency and self-conviction as the above.—In this sort of statement, however, lies all the interest that Capt. Hervey's volumes possess. He often speaks of things which more intelligent writers would deem beneath their notice; and the reader of our colonial and dependential history will there-

fore pick out of the platitudes which he has heaped together a few details of not inconsiderable value for the illustration of better books.

*Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet: an Autobiography.* 2 vols. Chapman & Hall.

WE might say with truth of '*Alton Locke*' that it is a powerfully written and exciting novel. It is full of vivid scenes and characters, painted in broad and strong. To us this autobiography comes as a novel:—a work of polite literature, to be read aloud in the family circle while the members are pursuing some graceful or fanciful work after the severer duties and studies of the day are closed. In the disguise of an exciting fiction it presents itself before the eyes of those who "dwell at ease."—But that which is a novel to us contains the life and soul and body of those who live in the dark places of the earth. The scenes and descriptions are no creations of a novelist, but realities snatched up almost at random from their black abyss, and exhibited naked and awful to the eyes of the society that lies in daylight. The woes here described are not the woes that cease at the end of the book,—not woes existing only between the boards which contain their record. They are sorrows that grow daily deeper and fiercer and heavier to be borne; making in their spread and intensity the common Novel sorrows, however eloquently expounded, seem to the earnest mind like things spoken with stammering lips and in broken words. Such a book as this in the guise of a novel reminds us of the old Roman games, wherein the scenes brought into the arena were no theatrical show, but presented real men fighting hand to hand for life.

The author of these terrible revelations shows the genius of an artist in softening the painful impression of the story by the spirit of peace and loving-kindness that broods beautifully over all, like a golden sunset after a day of storm and gloom. But the imagination of the writer is shown only in his hope and faith:—the reality that meanwhile remains through all is the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

We may say here, at once, that in other qualities of an artist the author of '*Alton Locke*' is deficient;—or rather, that he is so in this book. It does not seem so much the want of skill as the intensity of his purpose by which he is led to violate proportion and other epic rules. The materials with which he is constructing he feels to be too rough for the application of the rule and plummet. His book is a thing thrust between the living and the dead; and the moral plague which it interprets, and would help to stay, consciously mocks at the restraints of rule and the ministries of grace. In '*Alton Locke*' there is a negation of self on the part of the writer,—an absence of all desire to stand forth as "a talented author." Steadiness of aim and singleness of purpose are not throughout beguiled for a moment. The purpose is, to arouse the attention of a wider class than that which refers to blue books and official reports, and to force them to look on the social evils that are lying at their doors. To detail lifeless facts is not enough; and, therefore, by the spirit within him, which gives him understanding, Alton endeavours to show the "spirit of growth" by which these facts have been animated. The social problems perplexing the world, as well as the social miseries that have given rise to them, are boldly grappled with by a writer who does not go into the task of moral anatomy with a box of aromatic vinegar at his nose. His real desire is, that the reader should taste all their qualities of offence.

The story may be briefly told. Alton Locke is the child of a widow, who is a Baptist from conscientious motives,—because she considers

"the Baptists as the only sect who thoroughly embody the Calvinistic doctrines." Born with the temperament of a poet,—living in a little suburban street of the very ugliest kind,—sickly and decrepit in person,—lying awake, "thro' long nights of sleepless pain," listening "with a pleasant awe to the ceaseless roll of the market waggons bringing up to the great city the treasures of the gay green country for which he had yearned all his life in vain,—brought up in the strictest form of Calvinism, with no education beyond what could be obtained at the small day school attached to the neighbouring chapel, where he learned "to read, write and sum,"—with no amusement "except now and then a London walk with his mother holding his hand the whole way,"—his only books 'The Pilgrim's Progress' and the Bible,—Alton Locke yet contrives to nourish an intense love of Nature.—

"I knew every leaf and flower in the little front garden; every cabbage and rhubarb plant in Battersea gardens was wonderful and beautiful to me. Clouds and water I learned to delight in, from my occasional lingerings upon Battersea Bridge, and running westward looks towards the sun setting above rich meadows and wooded gardens, to me a forbidden El Dorado. I brought home wild flowers, chance beetles and butterflies. To me they were God's angels shining in coats of mail and fairy masquerading dresses."

The sketch of the old mother is very good:—glorying in her dissent, and in being sprung from Puritan blood which had flowed beneath the knife of Star Chamber butchers and in the battles of Naseby and of Sedgemoor.—

"My mother moved by rule and method; by God's law, as she considered, and that only. She seldom smiled. Her word was absolute. She never commanded twice, without punishing. And yet there were abysses of unspoken tenderness in her, as well as clear, sound, womanly sense and insight. But she thought herself as much bound to keep down all tenderness as if she had been some ascetic of the middle ages—so do extremes meet! It was 'carnal,' she considered. She had as yet no right to have any 'spiritual affection' for us. We were still 'children of wrath and of the devil,'—not yet 'converted of sin,' 'converted, born again.' She had no more spiritual bond with us, she thought, than she had with a heathen or a Papist. She dared not even pray for our conversion, earnestly as she prayed on every other subject. For though the majority of her sect would have done so, her clear logical sense would hold to no such tender inconsistency. Had it not been decided from all eternity? We were elect, or we were reprobate. Could her prayers alter that? If He had chosen us, He would call us in His own good time: and, if not, — Only, again and again, as I afterwards discovered from a journal of hers, she used to beseech God with agonised tears to set her mind at rest by revealing to her His will towards us. For that comfort she could at least rationally pray. But she received no answer. Poor, beloved mother! If thou couldst not read the answer, written in every flower and every sunbeam, written in the very fact of our existence here at all, what answer would have sufficed thee? And yet, with all this, she kept the strictest watch over our morality. Fear, of course, was the only motive she employed; for how could our still 'carnal' understandings be affected with love to God? And love to herself was too paltry and temporary to be urged by one who knew that her life was uncertain, and who was always trying to go down to the deepest eternal ground and reason of everything, and take her stand upon that. So our god, or gods rather, till we were twelve years old, were hell, the rod, the ten commandments, and public opinion. Yet under them, not they, but something deeper far, both in her and us, preserved us pure. Call it natural character, conformation of the spirit,—conformation of the brain, if you like, if you are a scientific man and a phrenologist. I never yet could dissect and map out my own being, or my neighbour's, as you analysts do."

That stern Puritan education, as Alton says, developed qualities that stood him in great

stead during the vicissitudes and struggles of his after life.—The whole chapter relating to his childhood is extremely interesting and true to the life. An uncle, who is a grocer well to do in the world, and who allows his sister-in-law a small annuity, completes the duty which he thinks he owes to his poor relations by binding his nephew Alton Locke apprentice to a tailor,—whilst his own son is sent to Cambridge to study for the Church:—that being now-a-days the approved method of converting a tradesman's son into a gentleman.—The following is a sketch of Alton's introduction to the tailor's work-room.—

"I stumbled after Mr. Jones up a dark, narrow, iron staircase till we emerged through a trap-door into a garret at the top of the house. I recoiled with disgust at the scene before me; and here I was to work—perhaps through life! A low lean-to room, stifling me with the combined odours of human breath and perspiration, stale beer, the sweet sickly smell of gin, and the sour and hardly less disgusting one of new cloth. On the floor, thick with dust and dirt, scraps of stuff and ends of thread, sat some dozen haggard, untidy, shoeless men, with a mingled look of care and recklessness that made me shudder. The windows were tight closed to keep out the cold winter air; and the condensed breath ran in streams down the panes, chequering the dreary out-look of chimney tops and smoke. The conductor handed me over to one of the men. 'Here, Crossthwaite, take this younger, and make a tailor of him. Keep him next you, and prick him up with your needle if he shirks.'"

The description of the tailors at work is graphic,—but unsuitable for extract. The chief aim of the book is to show the realities of the artisan's life. The following passage is worthy of meditation.—

"I owe an apology to my readers for introducing this ribaldry. God knows it is as little to my taste as it can be to theirs; but the thing exists—and those who live beside such a state of things ought to know what the men are like to whose labour, aye life blood, they owe their luxuries. They are their 'brothers' keepers,' let them deny it as they will."

The examples which Alton sees and the conversation which he hears make a strange contrast to the almost conventual seclusion of his former life; but another influence yet more powerful is at work on him. His mother had exacted a promise that he would not look into the print-shop windows,—which he obeyed: she had forbidden him also to read any book which he had not first shown to her,—and thence arose his first act of disobedience.—An old book shop stood in his way home from work. Here he used to stop and timidly take up some volume the title of which was attractive. The innocent guilty pleasure grew on him day by day:—"innocent because human, guilty because disobedient."—An acquaintance with the old Scotchman who kept the shop arose out of this, and the bookseller lent him books.—The following is an account of the mode in which he pursued his studies:—and shows the labour with which the poor who have a thirst for learning have to draw the waters for its quenching.—

"I slept in a little lean-to garret at the back of the house, some ten feet long by six wide. I could just stand upright against the inner wall, while the roof on the other side ran down to the floor. There was no fireplace in it, or any means of ventilation. No wonder I coughed all night accordingly, and woke about two every morning with choking throat and aching head. My mother often said that the room was 'too small for a Christian to sleep in, but where could she get a better?' Such was my only study. I could not use it as such, however, at night without discovery; for my mother carefully looked in every evening, to see that my candle was out. But when my kind cough woke me, I rose, and creeping like a mouse about the room—for my mother and sister slept in the next chamber, and

every sound was audible through the narrow partition.—I drew my darling books out from under a board of the floor, one end of which I had gradually loosened at odd minutes, and with them a rushlight, earned by running on messages, or by taking bits of work home, and finishing them for my fellows. No wonder that with this scanty rest, and this complicated exertion of hands, eyes and brain, followed by the long dreary day's work of the shop, my health began to fail; my eyes grew weaker and weaker; my cough became more acute; my appetite failed me daily. My mother noticed the change, and questioned me about it affectionately enough. But I durst not, alas! tell the truth. It was not one offence, but the arrears of months of disobedience which I should have had to confess; and so arose infinite false excuses, and petty prevarications, which embittered and clogged still more my already over-tasked spirit. \* \* Before starting forth to walk two miles to the shop at six o'clock in the morning, I sat some three or four hours shivering on my bed, putting myself into cramped and painful postures, not daring even to cough, lest my mother should fancy me unwell, and come in to see me, poor dear soul!—my eyes aching over the page, my feet wrapped up in the bedclothes, to keep them from the miserable pain of the cold; longing, watching, dawn after dawn, for the kind summer mornings, when I should need no candlelight. Look at the picture awhile, ye comfortable folks, who take down from your shelves what books you like best at the moment, and then lie back, amid prints and statuettes, to grow wise in an easy chair, with a blazing fire and a camphine lamp. The lower classes uneducated! Perhaps you would be so too, if learning cost you the privation which it costs some of them."

Crossthwaite, the workman to whose care Alton was confided in the work-room, is a well-drawn character.—He is a type of the better class of Chartist workmen:—intelligent, thoughtful, self-educated, sober, well-conducted,—but driven into charism at last "by poverty, guilelessness, and the craving of an unsatisfied intellect." Chartism, he fancies, offers the only outlook for ameliorating the condition of the working classes.—The whole of the conversation which develops the working of the artisan's mind,—his difficulties, aspirations and grievances, is well worth studying:—it is evidently written by one who knows them. We make room for the following passage from this somewhat dangerous and debatable ground, because it embodies some of the morals of this revolutionary time which statesmen will do well to lay to heart.—Of course it is Alton, the future Chartist, who speaks.—

"Yes, it was true. Society had not given me my rights. And woe unto the man on whom that idea, true or false, rises lurid, filling all his thoughts with stifling glare, as of the pit itself. Be it true, be it false, it is equally a woe to believe it; to have to live on a negation; to have to worship for our only idea, as hundreds of thousands of us have this day, the hatred of the things which are. Ay, though one of us here and there may die in faith, in sight of the promised land, yet is it not hard, when looking from the top of Pisgah into 'the good time coming,' to watch the years slipping away one by one, and death crawling nearer and nearer, and the people wearying themselves in the fire for very vanity, and Jordan not yet passed, the promised land not yet entered? while our little children die around us, like lambs beneath the knife, of cholera and typhus and consumption, and all the diseases which the good time can and will prevent; which, as science has proved, and you the rich confess, might be prevented at once, if you dared to bring in one bold and comprehensive measure, and not sacrifice yearly the lives of thousands to the idol of vested interests and a majority in the House. Is it not hard to men who smart beneath such things to help crying aloud—'Thou cursed Moloch-Mammon, take my life if thou wilt; let me die in the wilderness, for I have deserved it; but these little ones in mines and factories, in typhus cellars and Tooting pandemoniums, what have they done? If not in their fathers' cause, yet still in theirs, were it so great a sin to die



upon a barricade?" Or after all, my working brothers, is it true of our promised land, even as of that Jewish one of old, that the priests' feet must first cross the mystic stream into the good land and large which God has prepared for us? Is it so indeed? Then, in the name of the Lord of Hosts, ye priests of His, why will ye not awake, and arise, and go over Jordan, that the people of the Lord may follow you?"

We cannot follow the course of the painful story. Crosswhaithe's companionship and the mother's errors have their natural course on Alton. Finally, his mother makes the discovery that her son is an infidel; and by her command he quits the home which and the parent whom he "never saw again." He takes up his abode with Sandie Mackaye, the bookseller; and reads and studies without undergoing so many privations as before. His love of poetry develops itself,—and his power of becoming a poet. Sandie Mackaye gives him much sound counsel,—good for others as well as for Alton Locke. He has written a poem about the Pacific Islands; and Sandie insists that he should give his powers to the real life and misery round him instead of "speering after it in the Cannibal Islands."—"If God had meant ye to write about Pacifics he'd a put you there, and because he means you to write about London town he has put you there, and given you an unco' sharp taste of the ways of it."

A people's poet, accordingly, Alton Locke becomes. He goes on tailoring and writing poetry,—enjoying his rare holiday in the picture galleries—the only places where he could quench his burning thirst after scenes from Nature. At length his old master, who had belonged to what is called the "honourable trade,"—that is, had all his work done at home, paid good prices, and did not employ a middleman,—dies. The revelations that have of late come out respecting the condition of the working artisans—the tailors especially—had prepared us for what is written here. When the old master died, his son reigned in his stead, and determined to make haste to be rich. He resolved to reduce his workmen's wages, to commence business in the "show trade," and announced that in future the work would be given out to be made up at the men's own homes. As this arrangement, which sounds pleasantly enough, contains in itself the evil that is lying at the root of artisan life in England,—we give the following extract.—

"We were all bound to expect this. Every working tailor must come to this at last, on the present system; and we are only lucky in having been spared so long. You all know where this will end—in the same misery as fifteen thousand out of twenty thousand of our class are enduring now. We shall become the slaves, often the bodily prisoners, of Jews, middlemen, and sweaters, who draw their livelihood out of our starvation. We shall have to face, as the rest have, ever decreasing prices of labour, ever increasing profits made out of that labour by the contractors who will employ us—arbitrary fines, inflicted at the caprice of hirelings—the competition of women and children, and starving Irish—our hours of work will increase one-third, our actual pay decrease to less than one-half; and in all this we shall have no hope, no chance of improvement in wages, but ever more penury, slavery, misery, as we are pressed on by those who are sucked by fifties—almost by hundreds—yearly, out of the honourable trade in which we were brought up, into the infernal system of contract work, which is devouring our trade and many others, body and soul. Our wives will be forced to sit up night and day to help us—our children must labour from the cradle without chance of going to school, hardly of breathing the fresh air of Heaven,—our boys, as they grow up, must turn beggars or paupers—our daughters, as thousands do, must eke out their miserable earnings by prostitution. And after all, a whole family will not gain what one of us had been doing, as yet, single-handed."

Alton joins Crosswhaithe,—and becomes a member of a Chartist club. He is sent up by Mackaye to see his gentleman cousin at Cambridge, and ask his help in getting his poems published by subscription. This incident is made the means of bringing the two classes together; and the opportunity is taken of stating both sides of the argument on the social problem that has to be solved,—viz., how the rich and the poor are to be together. The author brings types of the best of each class face to face, and deliberately and impartially produces the points that are becoming daily more at issue between the rich and the poor. The whole merits a careful reading. 'Alton Locke' is not a partizan book. While the sufferings and sorrows of the working men are written down with eloquence and sympathy, their mistakes, their errors, their exaggerations are exposed. There is no vulgar run against the higher classes as such:—which is the common error of books written to redress the poor.—It is enough further to say, that a love episode warms and beautifies some of the after-scenes; and that through many incidents the morals which will be understood by the foundation here laid, are worked out with earnestness of spirit and honesty of purpose. The duties which society neglects are uncompromisingly pointed out,—but so is the falsehood of some of the adopted popular methods of cure. The problem is presented by its many sides.

Alton is tried and imprisoned as a Chartist:—and finally, after some other incidents of like nature, redeemed by the teaching of a noble woman who finds him in a brain fever.

The sanguine hopeful faith which marks the conclusion of 'Alton Locke' is well put into the mouth of a woman;—but the perspective of "good" which it prophesies is too precipitate. The social evils demonstrated in the previous pages are too deep and of too long standing to give hope of speedy cure. The conversion of Alton Locke to the belief in miracles and dogmatic Christianity is not only too sudden to be satisfactory,—but it is unnecessary. It is introducing a "Test and Corporation Act" at the last moment. If the author be himself in earnest in the previous pages, it is not very clear what Alton is made religiously to repent of. It would have been better to omit controversial argument on points of creed. An attempt to prove "evidences" in the concluding pages of a last volume, must of necessity be meagre and unsatisfactory. This conversion is, however, we fancy, introduced as a protest that the author believes them, and is a member of the congregation.

We believe that in "association" will be found the cure for the miseries produced by "competition";—that "association" is the watchword of the new order of things which is beginning. The age of individualism is passing away.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Britain Redeemed and Canada Preserved.* By F. A. Wilson and Alfred B. Richards.—This bulky volume, dedicated with much formality to "The Queen, Prince and People of Great Britain and her Colonies," advocates the formation of a great line of railway to connect the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. Of course this is a mere plagiarism of the great Whitney scheme, with the additional disadvantage of carrying it through a poorer, more difficult and more thinly populated country. Very little, however, of the thick volume is taken up with the discussion of this wild project; five out of its six hundred pages are occupied with frantic abuse of democracy, the peace agitation, the Great Industrial Exhibition, and everything that is enlightened and liberal in these times. One may judge of the knowledge which Messrs. Wilson and Richards possess of the state of feeling in Canada, when they seriously propose to

create in it a colonial and titular aristocracy! This ignorance is only to be compared to the effrontery which could dream of dedicating to "the Queen and Prince" a book containing such absurd abuse of the great project in which they take so deep an interest. The authors have, however, their peculiar mode of reconciling this abuse with the respect due to the Prince; they assume that he was deceived into a connexion with the scheme, and does not now like to leave his deceivers to the indignation of an outraged public.

*Projects and Prospects of the Day.*—A pamphlet of which it is not easy to comprehend the purpose. The projects of the day are, the Peace Congress, the Great Industrial Exhibition, and Emigration. To these, if we mistake not, the writer proposes to add a fourth—"a brotherhood of universal language," but his meaning is like Gratiano's will—"you shall search all day ere you find it, and when it is found it is not worth the search."

*Brief Reminiscences of Opinion in 1849 on Taxation.*—Enough for the year is the evil thereof!

*A Manual of the British Marine Alga.* By William H. Harvey, M.D.—This is a second edition of Prof. Harvey's well-known description and arrangement of the British Alga. Much in the present edition is, however, new, and the addition of plates illustrative of all the genera gives it claims to be considered as an original work. Much has been done since the former edition, not only in the discovery and description of new forms of these lowest plants, but also in the investigation of their structure and functions. The present volume will be found to include every discovery of importance to the student of systematic botany,—and the plates will be of great assistance to those who are only commencing the study of sea-weeds. The work before us embraces only those alga which are inhabitants of sea-water. This is much to be regretted,—as a revision of all that has been recently done in the freshwater species from the hands of Prof. Harvey would have been an acceptable boon to British naturalists.

*Some Account of the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms, for Children.*—A very good account,—and one to be recommended for the edification of the youthful class for whom it is written.

*Eight Letters to the Young Men of the Working Classes.* By Thomas Cooper.—A few admirable letters addressed by their author to the young men of his class, collected from the *Plain Speaker*, a defunct publication. They are full of sound and well-conveyed advice,—but they are chiefly interesting as containing some sketches of the writer's own career.

*A Manual for Emigrants.* By C. H. Webb.—This is an American publication, which has been issued in consequence of the misery arising to persons who have shipped themselves for the United States without previously settling with themselves what they would or could do when they got out there. It contains a mass of useful advice and suggestions,—more especially applicable to the case of persons emigrating from the British Islands. The Irish are a sad trouble to the humane in New York.

*The New Colony of Port Natal; with Information for Emigrants.* By James E. Methley.—If Mr. Methley has not adopted the plan of issuing his second edition first, as is sometimes done by authors, the announcement contained on the title-page is to some extent a guarantee for the merits of his book. The information which it contains is now easily accessible, and Mr. Methley has arranged it clearly and conveniently.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Arnold's Introduction to Greek Prose Composition, Part II. 6s. 6d.  
Beard's (Rev. J. G.) *Prologiaque Maribus*, new ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d.  
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Mitchell's (Prof.) *The Planetary and Stellar Worlds*, 8s. 2s. cl.  
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Sacred Poetry, 1st series, 16th ed. 32mo. 3s. half-d.  
Smith's (Dr. T.) *Treatise on Terrestrial Medicine*, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Strickland's (Miss) *Letters of Mary Queen of Scots*, new ed. 12s. cl.  
Wanderings of a Pen and Pencil, by Palmer and Crowquill, 12s.



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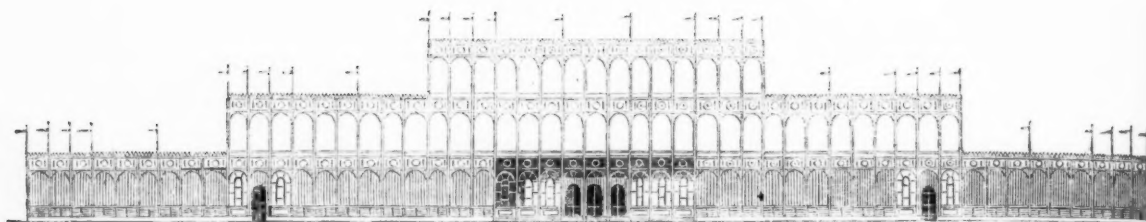
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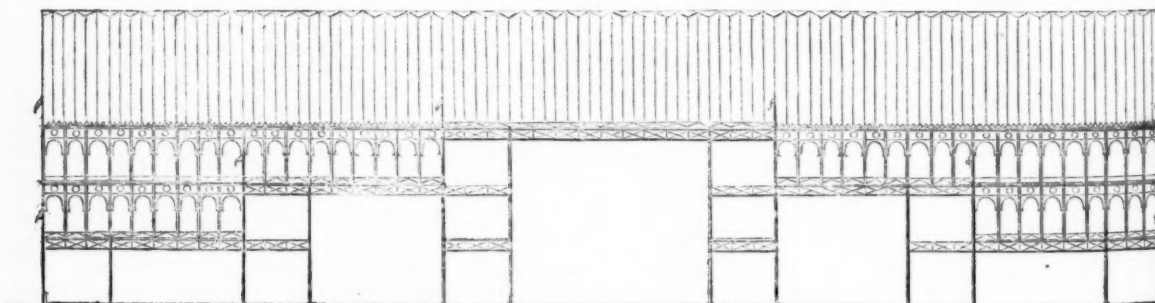
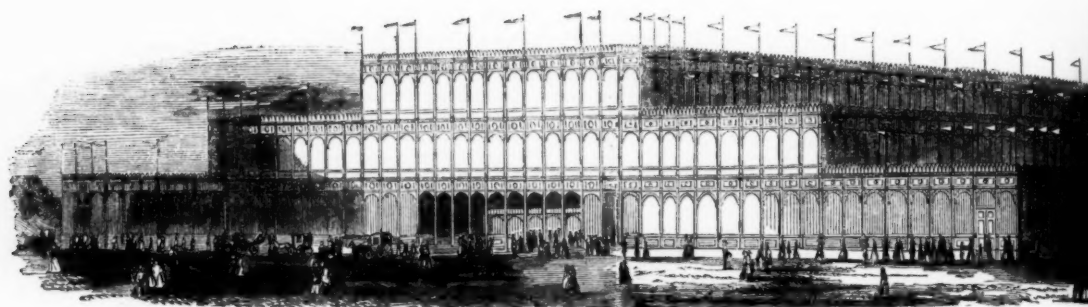
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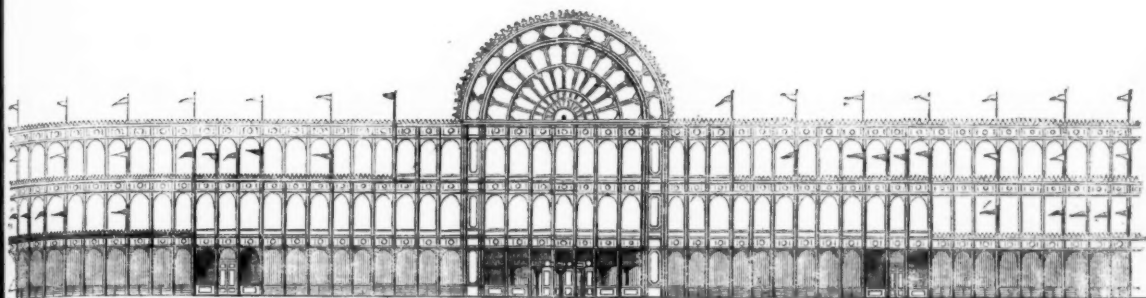


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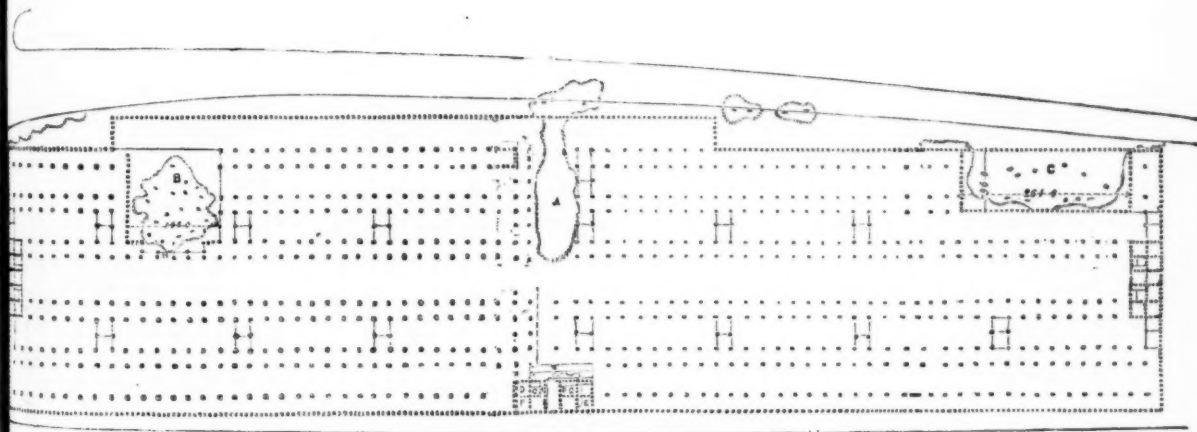
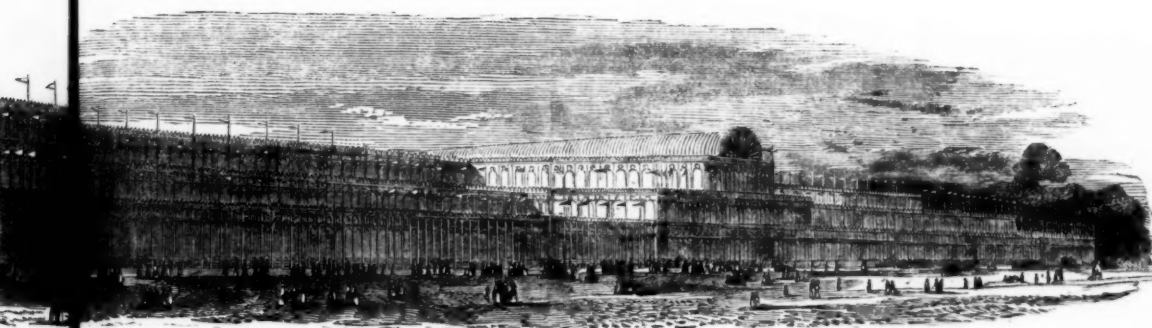


TRANSVERSE SECTION.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1851.



SOUTH ENTRANCE AND TRANSEPT.



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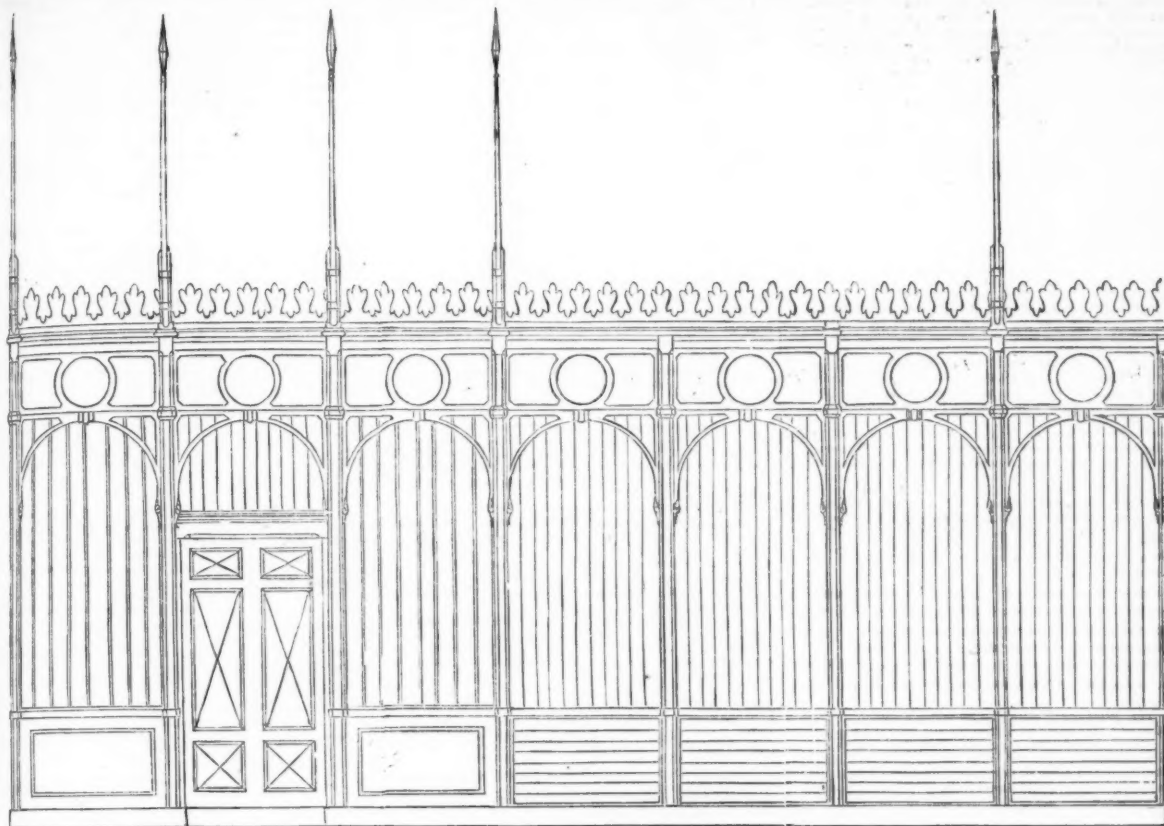




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PORTION ON AN ENLARGED SCALE.

THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AND ITS  
PALACE OF GLASS.

In giving the further illustrations which we last week promised of Mr. Paxton's edifice for the Exhibition in Hyde Park, we have thought it well, in order that the means of understanding the whole may be before our readers at a single point, to repeat the Perspective View which we gave last week. For full descriptive particulars of the building, derived from the most authentic sources,—and for a summary of the present state of the prospects of and preparations for the Great Exhibition,—we refer our readers to the letter-press which accompanied our wood-engraving of last week [*ante*, p. 924].—To the measurements which we there gave we may add now one or two more which may help our readers to complete their idea of the building.—We have stated the width of gallery to be 24 feet;—and may now add, that the great central walk will be 72 feet broad,—thus making with the two side galleries the width from the side of one gallery to that of the other 120 feet.—We have said that provision is made by which a greatly increased extent of gallery can be obtained if it shall be needed:—and may add, that in addition to the main building there is another apartment, on the north side, 936 feet long and 48 feet wide,—to contain machinery.

## SUPPLY OF WATER TO THE METROPOLIS.

THERE are none of the necessities of life so pressing as that of water. No food could be appropriated in the animal system without it,—and it composes seven-eighths of the whole fabric of the human body. Through its agency our food is chiefly prepared before it is eaten,—and afterwards elaborated in the stomach and carried from part to

part of the body in the blood. Even those who object to the element in its pure form, must take it in some shape to satisfy the demands of the body. It enters the system with wine, beer, coffee, tea, soups,—and bound up with the tissues of such vegetables as turnips, carrots and potatoes. Not only is it necessary for inward supply,—man and the animal kingdom generally require for health its outward application. It is as naturally the means of purifying the outside as it is of vitalizing the inside of the body. Necessary as it is in this respect to uncivilized and nomadic man, it becomes increasingly important as he becomes civilized and dwells in towns and cities. It is a means of cleansing the dwelling as well as the body. In every way, then, its ample supply is a first necessity. In all climates, seasons and times there is a demand for it, and its relation to the wants of man has given distinguishing features to nations and families.—It is no wonder, then, that at a time, when the figures of the statistician point to an enormous waste of life in our great cities, inquiries should be made as to how far a defective or impure supply of water is a cause of this waste.

That London is worse off in point of water supply than many of our provincial towns is well known,—and the causes of this defect are also tolerably patent. When it is stated that the metropolis is entirely supplied with water by chartered companies, whose monopoly is protected in every way by law, it will be evident that the people of the metropolis are likely to suffer in regard to this essential article such evils as the whole country suffered when it was dependent for its supply of bread on a protected class. That every inhabitant of a city should have enough water for the purposes of cooking, diet, and cleanliness is a proposition that we suppose no one will deny,—and another equally

undeniable is, that it is a first duty of a local or general government to see that such a condition is insured in every place inhabited by the human objects of its care. What is the fact with regard to London? On this subject the Report of the General Board of Health just published shall inform our readers. After quoting the returns of the nine water companies from which London derives its water, the Report goes on to say:—

“According to these returns, the companies supply 270,591 private houses. The total number of houses returned under the income-tax assessments for the metropolis, is 288,037, so that as far as these returns enable us to judge there appear to be 17,456 houses (or about 6 per cent. of the whole) unsupplied with water. Where house-to-house inquiries have been made for sanitary purposes, in densely populated districts upwards of 18 per cent. of the houses have been found to be unsupplied with pipe-water; but, in other large parishes and districts, only 5, 4 and 3 per cent. There are, however, returned by the companies 1,181 cases of supply by stand-pipes, which each serve for several houses and often for a whole court or alley, which houses may be comprised in the companies' returns, and omitted in those obtained by house-to-house inquiries.”

The figure of 17,000 houses passes rapidly before the eye; but when it is remembered that not less probably than ten individuals are suffering in each of these houses from a deficient supply of water alone, we arrive at a better appreciation of the evils produced. That these evils are anything but imaginary this Report frightfully establishes from a variety of sources. The testimony of respectable medical men is brought forward to show that the abode of typhus, small pox, measles, and other fevers in their most deadly forms is, the courts, alleys and houses not supplied, or imperfectly supplied, with water. The way in which deficient supply works may be made in part intelligible by extracting from the Report the evidence tendered by Dr. Milroy.—

“Among the most serious evils attending the present system of intermittent supply of water to the dwellings of

the poor, is the filthy and polluted state alike of the cisterns and butts into which it is received, and of the vessels in which it is generally kept. Whether the cistern or butt be in or out of doors, it is usually uncovered, and, consequently, exposed to all the dust and smut that are continually flying about even in the cleanest parts of a large city. But this is far from being the only or the worst source of impurity to which it is liable. Not unfrequently, there is no tap at all, and often this is so inconveniently placed that it is scarcely possible to make use of it. Hence the common practice among the inmates of the house is to dip their vessels—no matter of what sort, and whether clean or otherwise—right into the cistern or butt every time that they require to draw water. \* \* So disgusted are the inmates themselves of even the poorest dwellings with the water in their butts or cisterns, that very frequently they will use it only for the purpose of washing, and, unless they can catch the water directly from the pipe when it is on, they are obliged either to beg it from some neighbour, or (as is frequently the case) get it from the public-house where they deal. This appears to be of very common occurrence indeed, even in some tolerably decent localities, and must be admitted to be a flagrant injustice, inasmuch as they are charged indirectly in their rent for what they have little or no benefit from. \* \* The serious loss of time to the poor by their being obliged to be on the look out for the exact time when the water comes on once in the twenty-four or forty-eight hours, and the not inconsiderable labour incurred by dragging their pailers, &c. up to their rooms, are, in themselves, great objections to the present system. If the mother of the family be out of the way when the water is on, or ailing, so that she cannot go for it, she and her family must then be indebted to the kindness of a neighbour, or they must apply to the public-house for their necessary supply. The vessels, too, in which the water is usually kept in the rooms of the poor, are most unsuitable for the purpose, not to mention pails, old fish-kettles, and casks that leak, and thus keep the floor continually damp. The brown earthenware, narrow-necked and small-mouthed pans, which are most in vogue, are obviously very objectionable, from the difficulty of keeping the inside of them clean and free from the deposit which is continually taking place from the water of all the metropolitan companies."

Some further details of the filth and degradation to which large masses of the population of London are subjected under the present system are too revolting to find expression in our columns.

Deficient as is the quantity of water delivered in particular directions, its amount is yet very large.—

"The gross daily quantity of water pumped into the metropolis amounts, according to the preceding returns, to upwards of 44 million gallons. In order to give a conception of the quantity of water thus delivered, it may be stated, that the daily supply would exhaust a lake equal in extent to the area of St. James's Park, 30 inches in depth; that the annual supply exceeds the total rainfall of 27 inches over the populated portion of the metropolis (25 square miles), by upwards of 50 per cent., and that it would cover an extent of area equal to that of the City (or about one square mile), with upwards of 90 feet depth of water. The daily supply would, however, be delivered in twenty-four hours, by a brook 9 feet wide and 3 feet deep, running at the rate of 3 feet per second, or 114 inches in 3 seconds per hour; and three sewers of 3 feet in diameter, and of proper fall, will suffice for the removal of the same volume of refuse or soil-water. The total weight of this annual supply of water is nearly 72 million tons. The daily cost of raising the whole quantity by engine power 100 feet high, would be about 23*s.*, or about 9,000*d.* per annum. The average daily quantity pumped into the districts, exclusive of the supplies to large consumers, and of the quantity used for all public purposes, would, supposing it were equally distributed for each house, occupy about fifty pailfuls, and would weigh about 13 cwt."

Even deficiency of water, however, seems to be a less evil than its impurity. Of the nine water companies to whom is intrusted the exclusive power of furnishing water to the metropolis, not one seems to yield an article fitted for all the purposes of a healthful life.—It appears incontestably proved that the best possible water to subserve the purposes of human life is, the purest water. Although we speak habitually of pure water, a water absolutely free from a mixture with other substances does not occur in nature; obtain it from whatever source we may, it contains gases, saline and organic matters. Sometimes one, sometimes the other, sometimes all three classes of substances are present. The purest natural waters contain carbonic acid and oxygen gases,—and we are not aware that these can exist in water to an injurious extent. On the contrary, it appears that the oxygen thus taken invigorates the system,—and the carbonic acid exerting its solvent powers on the contents of the stomach is beneficial. In these facts we have an argument against the use of either distilled or boiled water as a substitute for that which has not been exposed to the action of heat.

Waters vary much in the quantities of salts, saline or inorganic matters which they contain; some springs not holding in solution more than half a grain in the gallon, whilst the water of the Dead

Sea contains a fourth part by weight of saline matters. The water supplied to London is not so pure as the one nor so salt as the other. The Thames contains according to the point from whence it is obtained from sixteen to fifty grains per gallon of saline matters. The water obtained from the other London sources also contains large quantities of the same. The effect of the presence of these substances in water is two-fold:—In the first place, some of these saline matters—as chloride of sodium, for instance—encourage the growth of plants and animals which are a further source of impurity to the water. Secondly, they interfere with the dietetical and cleansing uses of water.

In order to have high authority on a branch of these latter matters, the cooking department,—let us refer again to the Report of the Board of Health, for the evidence of M. Soyer.—

"You are known to the Commissioners from your writings on cookery; and you have doubtless had occasion to try the qualities of different waters for cooking and culinary purposes; you have probably used Thames water?—Yes, I have; when I first became cook to the Reform Club we occupied Gwydyr House, which was then supplied with Thames water.

"What was your experience of it?—That it was very hard and inconvenient; it had sometimes a disagreeable taste; this, however, we found was occasioned by the cistern, which we removed; it was, however, at all times very hard.

"What was the effect of the hardness in cooking?—That we were in many processes obliged to use potash or soda for the water, to soften it.

"What were the processes?—First, in boiling cabbage, greens, spinach, asparagus, hard water gives them a yellow tinge, especially in French beans: hard water shrivels greens and peas, and will be more particularly noticed in French beans; the process of boiling is also longer.

"That requires more fuel?—Certainly.

"What would be the difference in time?—With dry vegetables certainly one-fourth more.

"How is it with potatoes?—I do not think it acts so much upon potatoes, but still it has an influence upon all sorts of vegetables. I do not see the same effects however upon roots generally as upon leaves generally; the effects are very powerful.

"What do you find to be the effect of hard water upon the animal foods?—Upon salt beef the hard water is not so good; it does not open the pores of the meat so freely as soft water. On fresh meat it likewise has a prejudicial effect, but not equal to that on vegetables. It has the effect of making very white meat whiter than the soft water; upon all delicate things it has however a more marked effect—for example, in making beef-tea, chicken or veal broth, or upon lamb; and the more delicate a substance is the greater is the influence of a hard water upon it. A hard water as it were compresses the pores, whilst a soft water dilates them and the succulent matter which they contain. It makes them more nutritious. The evil of hard water is more visible in small quantities, such as broth or beef-tea.

"Then it will be the more prejudicial or expensive in domestic cooking, which must be in small quantities?—Exactly so; in the larger operations, where there is much boiling, the boiling itself, and for a long time, reduces the hardness. In the small quantities requisite for invalids and delicate persons the disadvantages are the most experienced. When I used Thames water at Gwydyr House, I have had quantities boiled in order to soften it, and have then let it get cool and kept it ready for use for the smaller operations."

"What is your experience in respect to tea?—The hard water is injurious in deteriorating the flavour; it also requires more tea to give an equal strength. There can be no doubt that the softer water is of very great importance; we have found it so with the water used at the Reform Club, which is Artesian well water.

"In respect to coffee, what is your experience?—Hard water produces a similar effect, but not quite so powerful."

"Are you content as to the difference in the time of boiling between hard and soft water?—My experiment was with pints of water, in the same size stewpan, with a gas lamp, so that the heat was manageable, and the same in both cases; and there was certainly a difference of full two minutes in favour of the boiling of the soft water; and the same result was given in several experiments.

"From these experiments, and your extensive knowledge, will you state the general results as to the relative power of the hardest and the softest water in making tea?—I should say that whilst with the hard water three cups might be made, with the soft water about five might be made.

"What extra expenditure of tea then would the use of the Thames water incur in making tea?—Nearly one-third. "That is an amount of tea consumed in the metropolis?—Yes, I have no doubt of it.

"Do you consider that the action of water in tea is a fair test and representative of its action on meat and vegetables in general, in all the delicate processes of cookery?—Yes, I do; and I have proved it in the following way. I have taken the solution of 16*°*, and compared it with the water from the well of the Reform Club. First, with vegetables, that is, carrots, turnips, and onions, cut into small pieces of about one inch long, and an eighth of an inch square, such as are used in Julienne soup, placed in two saucapans with the same quantity of water, and on the same gas-stove: those cooked in the Reform water were quickly done, and the flavour of the vegetables in the water; whilst those cooked in the solution never became tender, nor did the flavour go into the water. Secondly, with potatoes: I cut a peeled potato into two, and boiled them at the same time in the above waters; the difference was easily distinguish-

able, that which was boiled in the hard water being harder, but at the same time whiter. Thirdly, in extracting the juice or gravy from meat: the soft water does so quickly and well, but the hard water, instead of opening the meat, seems to draw it closer together, and to solidify the fibres, and I believe that the true flavour of the meat cannot be extracted by hard water. In boiling of salt meat less salt is extracted when boiled in hard water, and at the same time the meat is not so tender as when boiled in soft water. Both water evaporates one-third faster than hard water."

We hope that as the Board of Health has succeeded in making this a question of the tea-table, we shall have the sympathy on this question of those who preside over that important department of our social life.

These, however, are not the only domestic aspects of the question. Hard water not only cooks wastefully and dissolves badly, so as to interfere with economy and health in the article of our food,—in its external application it is not less to be avoided. In most of our washing operations soap is employed. Soap is a compound of oil and an alkali soluble in water; but if the oil comes in contact with lime, instead of a soluble detergent agent being formed an insoluble useless compound is produced. Hence the waste of soap. This loss is a subject of easy computation. Without pledging ourselves to the accuracy of the following calculations, we think the public is deeply indebted to the Board of Health for pointing out a constant source of loss.—

"If the importance of what is politically called an 'interest' be measured by the aggregate amount of the expenditure involved in it, then the washer-woman's interest is larger than the chief manufacturing interest of the country: the cotton and linen manufactures,—(at least as far as the home market is concerned)—inasmuch as far more money is expended in washing clothes than in the manufacture of the fabric or of the clothes themselves. To take the instance of the shirts worn by a labouring man: the following is the account given of the cost of a cotton shirt,—manufacture, material, and making, as given by a manufacturer in Lancashire:—

Working man's shirt, strong calico, of four yards, costs bleached 2 <i>s.</i> , grey 1 <i>s.</i> , 10 <i>d.</i>	
Material,—Cotton at 6 <i>d.</i> per lb.:	d.
1½ lb. with loss thereupon.....	8 25
Manufacture,—	d.
Spinning.....	2 25
Weaving.....	3
Profit.....	25
	5 20
	13 75
Bleaching, about.....	1 25
	15 <i>s.</i>

Grey 13 75*d.* + 9*d.* (making) = 1*s.* 10*d.*

Bleached 15*s.* + 9*d.* = 2*s.*

"Now in London the charge for washing the shirt would be 3*d.* each time, and it would be washed probably forty times before it was worn out; that is to say, it would have cost in round numbers 10*s.* for washing. Before it is worn out, five times as much money as it originally cost will have been expended upon it in washing. To take another example of a person in middle-class life:—

"A dozen of strong linen shirts cost 14*s.* each, of which four were worn and washed each week. They were worn out in eight years: they had each cost for washing 2*s.* 6*d.* 3*d.*

"The expenditure by families of the middle class in washing amounts often to nearly one twelfth or one thirteenth of their income. We find that the expenditure of a number of middle-class families for washing, in the metropolis, rarely falls short of one-third of the amount of their rental."

\* \* Mr. Donaldson, the agricultural surveyor, who has paid attention to this subject, estimates the saving as follows:—

"From several analyses and calculations," he says, "as to the saving in soap by the use of soft water; and from inquiries I have made of numerous consumers, of the quantity of soap used per individual, it appears that for every 100 gallons of water used in washing, two ounces of white curd soap is required for every degree of the hardness of the water used.

Thus a water of 5 degrees hardness takes... 10 oz. of soap. And one of 15 degrees hardness takes... 30  
I find that 14 lb. per individual per annum is about the average consumption of yellow soap for washing and domestic use, and the price is about 5*d.* per pound. Therefore 100 individuals using water at 15 degrees hardness take 1,400 lb. of soap at

5*d.* per lb. .... £39 3 4  
And with water 5 degrees hard, 460 lb. .... 9 14 3  
Difference..... £19 9 1

In round numbers the saving in soap by using water 5 degrees hard instead of 15 degrees is 20*s.* per 100 individuals, exclusive of the tear and wear of clothes from washing in hard water which will fully equal the saving in soap."

"On the whole, from such information as we have been able to collect, 1*s.* per head per week on the population of the metropolis appears to be not an extravagant estimate of the general expense of washing, making, however, a certain deduction for the known neglect of washing by the labouring classes."

Thus much for the inorganic constituents of



the water. We now come to its organic compounds. Wherever waters are exposed long to the atmosphere they become the fitting residence of animal and vegetable life. Hence all the waters supplied by the London companies contain more or less organic matter, both living and dead. To this department of the subject Dr. Hassall has directed his attention in a work which he has entitled 'A Microscopic Examination of the Water Supplied to the Inhabitants of London.' He presents fearful pictures of the reptiles that we are doomed to swallow in our water. If anything could alarm a stolid public, surely Dr. Hassall's nightmare-looking drops of water would. Unfortunately, however, for any hope which might reasonably be expected to grow out of the Doctor's brochure, the public has been for many years more or less accustomed at the Polytechnic Institution to exhibitions like his—and no vigorous opposition to the water-fleas has as yet been exhibited. The fact is, all exposed water contains these creatures: and, although the more impure it is the larger will be their numbers, their office really is to purify the water. No more ill consequences would, after all, result from drinking water-fleas than from eating crabs and oysters. We doubt much if the amount of organic life naturally present in a running stream could ever be in so large quantity as to become a source of dangerous impurity to the water.—The more fearful part of this question is, the organic matter introduced into waters from the refuse of vegetable and animal matter cast into them. In reference to this part of the subject, the waters of modern Europe bear no comparison with ancient Rome. There, every precaution was taken to prevent the access of anything that could contaminate. In London, of the nine sources from whence water is obtained for the metropolis not one is free from the charge of wholesale impurity. Whether shall we wonder most at the shameful cupidity of the individuals directing these companies, or at the culpable apathy of the Government, when we find that the shares of one of these bodies have risen in value from 100*l.* to nearly 20,000*l.*—while nothing has been done to preserve the water supplied by this company from contamination. As to the dangerous effects of water thus impregnated the Report of the Board of Health contains a large body of evidence. It shows, amongst other things, that where the largest quantity of organic matters existed in water, other things being equal, there during the late cholera pestilence the disease was most fatal. Instances are recorded of men, women and children who took the disease after a copious draught of these impure waters. Dr. King, one of the Inspectors of the Board of Health, states that he could detect in the gravity of the symptoms the difference between persons who drank water from the Lambeth Waterworks and those who drank from the Vauxhall reservoirs,—though both supply waters more or less charged with animal matter. Such is the subtle nature of the compounds formed from the organic matters diffused through water, that no filtering can cleanse it.

No resource seems left open to the public but to obtain waters from other sources, or under different circumstances, than those which now exist. The subject is so important—and apathy regarding it is so incredible and fatal—that we shall return to it in a future opportunity.

#### BABYLONIAN INSCRIPTIONS.

AFTER an absence of some months from Paris, I had in your journal two articles, to which you will oblige me by admitting the following reply. In your number for the 25th May (*ante*, p. 555), I read an article, without any other indication of authorship than the device *SCUM CUCQUE*, in which the discovery of an ideographic element in Babylonian writing is ascribed to the Rev. Dr. Edw. Hincks.—I must protest against this assertion in favour of the learned Director of the Museum of the Louvre, M. Adrien de Longperrier:—to whom the merit of this important discovery belongs. He published it nearly three years ago in the 'Revue Archéologique,' [Oct. 1847, p. 504].

I would not have dwelt on the singular coincidence of the alleged discovery by Mr. Hincks in

December 1847 with that of M. de Longperrier two months sooner—a coincidence which no doubt has been quite fortuitous,—if the writer of the article had not mentioned my name coupled with the assertion of my having this year published a work in which I am said to claim the discovery of the existence of an ideographic element in Babylonian writing, and to illustrate my meaning by the very examples which were communicated to me by Dr. Hincks in the paper on the Van inscriptions nearly two years ago.

Having quoted M. de Longperrier as the discoverer of the ideographic element in my 'Note sur une Table généalogique des Rois de Babylone dans Ker-Porter' ['Revue Archéol.' Oct. 1849, p. 417], and referred to this statement in my publication last alluded to, 'Rémarques sur la deuxième écriture cunéiforme de Persépolis' ['Revue Archéol.' Fevr. 1850, note 1, p. 711], I think that I cannot be considered as making any other pretension to the discovery of the ideographic element in cuneiform writing than that of considering the knowledge of this fact as a consequence of Champollion le Jeune's system of the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt:—a system the existence of which I have discovered in the cuneiform writings of Assyria and Babylonia,\* and introduced into this study,—and to which the ideographic element due to M. de Longperrier's sagacity, forms the most interesting complement.

In your paper of the 6th July I find in the report of the Syro-Egyptian Society (*ante*, p. 714), that a member of that learned body, Mr. D. W. Nash, is said "to endeavour to show that the so-called Median inscriptions were conceived not in a Tartar dialect, as Major Rawlinson supposed,—but in a Semitic tongue, the language of the population of Western Asia prior to the supremacy of the Arian immigrants. This language, though not the modern Pehlevi, is its ancient representative, and the language, not as M. Löwenstern supposes, of merely the Southern Elymeans, but of the great substratum of the population of Persia and Media."—Though much satisfied to see that Mr. Nash has given so clear an account of the results which I have lately obtained and published in the above-mentioned treatise on the second cuneiform writing of Persépolis ['Rev. Arch.' Fevr. 1850], I have yet to object that my name in the above report is mentioned only for a special remark. I therefore request the following change in the drawing up of the article:—"M. Löwenstern has endeavoured to show in his work the results for which Mr. Nash, probably unwillingly on his part, has been quoted; and *vice versa* Mr. Nash proposes an amendment to him, in adopting the language specified by M. Löwenstern as having belonged to the great substratum of the population of Persia and Media, contrary to M. Löwenstern's supposition,—who, in conformity to Scripture, considers Madai and its Arian language as ancient in its dwelling-places as Elam and its Semitic tongue in the abodes which he has assigned to them prior to the invasion of the Japhetic Paras."—I am, &c.

CHEVALIER ISIDORE LÖWENSTERN.

Paris, August 23.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

It is only the occasional attendants at sales of books and booksellers themselves who are fully aware of the "mad" prices which are given by some half-dozen purchasers for well-conditioned books in bindings of the old school of Roger Payne, Montague, Johnson, and Kallhoeber. There are collectors of bindings as well as of rare books:—as the country collector and country bookseller both find to their surprise as soon as they enter a London auction-room where there is even a tolerable display of gilt leather of fifty or a hundred years old. Of the extravagant prices which collectors of this class are willing to give, a sale about ten days ago at Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson's furnishes the most striking example that we can call to mind for many years. Here was what the late Mr. Rodd would have called "a pretty handful of books:—just enough for a day's sale,—and all untarnished

by gas, undimmed by smoke,—better still, unread, and as fresh from the country as the pretty girl in the first plate of 'The Rake's Progress.' There was, of course, eager competition for such rarities:—choice bindings hitherto untouched by the fingers of the bookseller, and new to the hammer of an auctioneer. A 'Stow's London' (the 1754 edition), in old gilt russia, brought 13*l.* 15*s.*—or five guineas more than a so-called good copy would bring on another occasion; a 'Thoroton's Nottinghamshire,' in old russia, full gilt back, sold for 11*l.* 10*s.*; a 'Plot's Staffordshire' in rich old gilt russia, for 6*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; a 'Fuller's Worthies,' a noble copy, in old russia, for 8*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; a 'Chawney's Hertfordshire' for 15*l.* 15*s.*; a 'Bloomfield's Norfolk,' in 5 vols., for 16*l.* 10*s.*; and a 'Pote's Windsor,' for 2*l.* 3*s.* These certainly are high prices. We have seen a fine copy of 'Fuller' in the inside sell for 2*l.* 5*s.*,—and 2*l.* 2*s.* is a fair price for a good copy of the work. Here then was 6*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* for the leather of a single volume!—The poets sold yet better than the topographers. A copy of Whalley's edition of 'Ben Jonson,' calf, marbled edges, by Montague, brought 3*l.*;—and a copy of Seward's 'Beaumont and Fletcher,' in bright gilt old russia, was thought to have gone cheap at 6*l.* Now, a buyer of books who loved books for their contents and not their covers, would be sorry to have Whalley's 'Jonson' on his shelves when he could get Gifford's edition of the poet,—or Seward's edition of 'Beaumont and Fletcher' when he could get Mr. Dyce's. The poets were bought for their clothes:—the purchasers perhaps thinking that it is a rare sight to see a poet well dressed.

In the evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Commons on Public Salaries—issued to the public within the last few days—we find the Master of the Mint (Mr. Shiel) stating the result of the investigation before the Mint Commission to have been, that the Government has informed the managers that they conceive it will be necessary not only to put an end to their contract, but also to cease to execute the coinage under their responsibility,—and that the Government is now considering whether it should execute the coinage by contract open to competition to all the world, or whether itself should execute it.

It will be seen that Mr. Washington Irving has had good reason to congratulate himself on the mistake (mistake if the decision of the Chief Baron shall be held to be good law) which so long led English publishers to believe that copyright could be maintained in this country on the works of foreigners for which they had given a valuable consideration. We gave a fortnight since a statement of the sums paid by Mr. Murray to that gentleman, in pure waste unless we can get a more wholesome and reasonable interpretation of the law.—The policy and morality of the case both point to quite opposite conclusions.—These sums amount to an aggregate little short of 10,000*l.*—a commercial value of the produce of Mr. Irving's brain of every penny of which he could under the alleged state of the matter have been pilfered,—as of a portion of it, or its legitimate profits, Mr. Murray is being pilfered now by the piracies of others.—We have now to add to this amount the sums paid for copyright to the same writer by Mr. Bentley. "In conjunction," says that publisher, "with my late partner, Mr. Colburn, I gave to Mr. Washington Irving for the copyright of the 'Alhambra' 1,050*l.*,—and afterwards I gave for 'Astoria' 500*l.*, and for 'Capt. Bonneville' 900*l.*" This makes a further sum of 2,450*l.* paid to Mr. Washington Irving for copyrights which, it is said, anybody may invade. Mr. Bentley adds:—"I have given to three other eminent American authors, Mr. Prescott, Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper, and Mr. Herman Melville between 15,000*l.* and 16,000*l.*"—We can but remark that the dealing of English publishers with one another in this matter is not to their credit. If the law be really so opposed to the equity of the case, the feeling under which a publisher can permit himself to take advantage of it is not such as can do honour to a profession which should be chivalrous by the mere fact of its connexion with letters.

Every day, Science is virtually lengthening life by abbreviating time and space. The age was

\* Note C. Exposé des Eléments constitutifs du système de la troisième écriture cunéiforme de Persépolis, Paris, 1847.





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known.—The mystery which envelopes the affair should not, however, blind us to the manifest inconveniences of such a creed and practice in weak hands. The thirty odd thousand pounds is only for the orphans' part—of the wealth forwarded to Herr Müller in answer to his celestial supplications; and the fact that the new apostle seems to have hitherto used his dangerous power with discretion may be an uncertain guarantee for his future moderation or that of his successors. If the spell of Herr Müller's conjuration be as strong as he calls it, the world is very inconveniently at his mercy. Suppose, for instance, he were to ask for the moon! What would become of the Poetry of the Million!

**THE MILE WILL SHORTLY CLOSE.**—The Proprietors being desirous to remove the Panorama from London will exhibit it for a short period at the following greatly reduced prices:—*GALLERY, No. 14, Regent-street, Waterloo-place.*—Additional admission, 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. *ADMISSION, 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.* *ADMISSION, 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.* *ADMISSION, 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.*

**INDIA OVERLAND MAIL.—DIORAMA.—GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent-street, Waterloo-place.**—Additional admission, 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. *ADMISSION, 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.* *ADMISSION, 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.* *ADMISSION, 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.*

**THE DIORAMA, Regent's Park.—Admission, One Shilling.**—*NEW OPEN, with the finest VIEWS ever exhibited in this country, representing the ROYAL CASTLE OF STOLZENFELS, on the Rhine, visited by Her Majesty Queen Victoria in August, 1842, and the Environs, as seen at Sunset and during a Thunder Storm; painted by NICHOLAS MEISTER, of Cologne. And the much-admired Picture of THE SHIRAZ OF THE SATIVITY, in the Arabian Desert, painted by the late M. RENOUX, from a Sketch on the spot by DAVID ROBERTS, Esq. R.A., with novel and striking effects.*—Open from Ten till Six.

#### ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

During this week the ALPINE SINGERS from Styria will perform several of their National Melodies. Daily at Four, and in the Evening at Half-past Eight. — LECTURE on the HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE, by Dr. Bachmayer, daily at Two, and in the Evening at Eight. — LECTURE on the MECHANICAL PROPERTIES of a JET of STEAM, daily at a Quarter past Three, and in the Evening at a Quarter past Nine. — NEW SERIES of DISSEMINATING VIEWS, illustrating some of the WONDERS of NATURE, daily at Half-past Four, and in the Evening at a Quarter to Ten; also a Series, exhibiting SCENES in the ARCTIC REGIONS and CEYLON, daily at One o'clock. — RIVER and DIVING BELL, &c. &c.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

#### FINE ARTS

##### THE ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION.

PRaiseworthy as is in itself the attempt to establish an annual architectural Exhibition, it is, nevertheless,—besides being injudiciously managed,—made under such untoward circumstances that the experiment has not a fair chance of success afforded it. A most discouraging damp is thrown over the whole affair by ill-timedness:—this second Exhibition being as much too late as the first was too early. It has opened only when the London season has closed. It is to the higher and more opulent classes of society that architecture must mainly look for patronage and encouragement. The great object of this Exhibition is, to lead them to take a more intelligent interest in it than they have hitherto done:—nevertheless, the period chosen for the Exhibition virtually excludes that very class!—It may be questioned how far it was a wise policy to make the Exhibition a free one:—at any rate, such an assertion of public spiritedness and liberality is scarcely consistent with the solicitation for eleemosynary subscriptions. Even free admission, however, has failed to bring a public within the walls of this Exhibition-room. Had the Exhibition taken place when the town was full, it is not improbable that the Saturdays—when a charge is made by way of distinction—might have been rather profitable to the funds of the Association.

The Exhibition itself is far from satisfactory, taken as an index either of existing architectural talent amongst us, or of the willingness on the part of the profession generally to aid in bringing architectural design prominently and worthily before the public as a branch of Fine Art. With very few exceptions, those who are of note in the profession have themselves determined to discountenance the scheme by standing aloof. They virtually put their veto on it; as if, looking for, if not desiring, its failure, they resolved not to be implicated with it. On the other hand, the Association do not adopt the proper course for securing the co-operation on which their success must, it should seem, mainly depend. They are too indulgent towards medi-

crity: admitting productions as poor, so barren of ideas, that, however much the exceptions may gain by comparison in the eyes of those who can really judge of design apart from mere drawing, the general character of the Exhibition is grievously lowered by the preponderance of the commonplace. Even those who shine by comparison must feel more mortified than flattered on finding what sort of company they are mixed up with. If the managers of the Exhibition could not command more of excellence, they might at any rate have rejected mediocrity. Greatly would their Exhibition be improved by the process of weeding-out,—and also by more judicious arrangement. The hurry and carelessness with which the whole affair has been got up appears even in their Catalogue. Besides that it does not give the respective numbers of their works in the list of the exhibitors' names, it is not free from actual errors. For example,—the name of T. Scandrett is inserted in that list, although there is no drawing by him in the Exhibition.

In what professes to be a strictly architectural Exhibition, it is not enough that the subjects are confined to architectural design,—but such as require it, should be illustrated by other modes of representation than either mere elevations or perspective views. We want plans, sections and models; which last, if not the others, are sufficiently intelligible to every one,—and as they are now excluded from the Royal Academy, it is all the more desirable that we should have the opportunity of seeing them here. Nevertheless, we find but one specimen of the kind; and of that the scale is so small and the subject so hackneyed (the west front of the Parthenon) that it would have been more advisable to exclude it.—Another deficiency is, that of variety. The subjects are too much of the same class. Designs for churches, hospitals and schools constitute the staple of the Exhibition. For these, little more than the reproduction of old forms and ideas is aimed at; originality of conception and treatment being, it would seem, considered incompatible with correctness and fidelity to the style adopted,—or rather slavishly imitated, because its real spirit and capability are not sufficiently comprehended. We must be permitted to remark that a former style—no matter whether mediæval or any other—which has become, or is supposed to be, so completely ossified as to have lost all elasticity, must be deficient in every essential of a living style.

One—certainly not the least promising or inviting—department of design has been taken up by none of the exhibitors here. Architects seem as if by common consent almost to ignore such subjects as Interiors; though these afford free scope for the display of artistic decoration, and are so readily applicable that a demand for them might be looked for now that so much attention is professedly given to all matters connected with in-doors embellishment and furniture. There is, indeed, here what calls itself a *Design for a Vestibule* (No. 136); but it does not at all answer to such title,—there being in it neither anything of design, nor anything at all characteristic of a vestibule. It is merely a cleverly treated representation of a small and somewhat old-fashioned sitting-room,—and its furniture is such as would form a very suitable background or scene for some domestic tableau de genre. No. 191, *Decoration of the Wall of a Room*, as executed by Mr. James Bell, is equally disappointing. We should like to know what kind of a room it is that is so "decorated,"—and how such decoration comes in with the rest of the apartment; for the drawing amounts to no more than a picture,—painted, it would seem, in chiar-oscuro on the wall, and showing a landscape and buildings seen through an open arcade. It gives us a revival of that painted playhouse architecture within rooms which ought to be left to cafés and casinos.

It does not add to the interest of this Exhibition that several of the most striking subjects and drawings have been just before seen at the Royal Academy,—and consequently will be no novelty to that class of visitors for whom the Exhibition is more especially intended. We do not say that previously exhibited designs ought not to be ad-

mitted:—on the contrary, we should be very glad to have the opportunity of renewing our acquaintance with many which we have in former seasons admired at the Academy. But we hardly care to see so immediately again what is quite fresh in our recollection. We admit, however, that some of the drawings transferred hither from the Academy are now to be seen as they deserve for the first time,—and that this is a good reason for re-exhibiting them. Such is the case with Mr. Ashpitel's *Selections from Palladio* (59),—also with Mr. Scott's elaborate drawing, *The Restoration of the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey*. At the Academy, the first of these was placed just down on the floor,—the other hung much too high for inspection. Even here, with less excuse for them, similar faults as to hanging have been committed. For instance, Mr. T. Allom's *Design for a Cathedral* (99) is so placed that nothing can be made out of its detail. This is the more provoking, because some drawings in which there is no detail—which, indeed, scarcely contain any design at all—are placed very conspicuously:—among others, No. 199, which can have no pretensions in this or any other Exhibition. Owing, perhaps, quite as much to good luck as to good management, Mr. Allom's *Design for the Interior of a Cemetery Chapel* (94) has obtained a situation where it can be properly seen; and so to see it, is decidedly to admire what completely vindicates the claims of the classic Italian style to our favour for a class of structures for which in our present mediæval mania it is totally rejected. The leading idea is derived from St. Stephen's, Wallbrook; but the resemblance goes no further,—for this interior is more scenic, more classic, and more refined in taste. Another truly admirable design—but which as it happens to be a large drawing is placed rather disadvantageously high—is the *Design for the Royal Arch at Dundee*, by Mr. G. B. Lamb (130). This is on the whole the most striking production in the Exhibition. It is a truly original and masterly composition, treated with freshness of idea throughout, as well as with artistic gusto,—though the subject is one that seems to confine an architect to the repetition of traditional forms of decoration. A *Design for a Portico* (200) exhibits some quite novel, yet not far-fetched, ideas,—for they lie so little below the surface that it is only surprising they should not have been brought forward before. There are other designs by the same amateur architect (Mr. Leeds), from which some of the professional artists may derive suggestive hints of which they seem to stand in need.—Had not Mr. Kerr himself called particular attention to it by a letter to the *Builder*, we should hardly have noticed his *Design for a Contemplated Public Building* (122). It is not calculated to stand the test of critical contemplation:—certainly, is not what we might expect from the author of the 'Newleaf Discourses.'

We are sorry that we cannot speak more favourably than we have done of this Exhibition:—we might have done so had we been more indifferent to its object. Unless considerable improvement should take place, it is likely to do as much harm as good, by enabling mediocrity to come before the public in a collective shape,—and therefore a more imposing one than it could otherwise command. The general taste will not be benefited by an indiscriminate assemblage of good and bad,—much of the latter actually too bad. There is danger that by the ignorant—whom an Exhibition like this should undertake to instruct—some of the worst things will be preferred to the best. The Association must reform its course of management, if it would do the good which lies on its path.

**FINE-ART GOSSIP.**—A genuine and characteristic, and therefore highly curious, portrait of Queen Elizabeth was sold the other day at an obscure sale in Harley Street of the furniture and contents of a house inhabited by the late Miss Harley—a lineal descendant of the great collectors, father and son, the dispersion of whose library is still felt as an injury to literature. There was something of everything in the house;—feather-beds and books, "paintings by the old masters" and family portraits. The

books included a presentation copy of Pope's works to the minister Lord Oxford. The old masters were nearly all worthless. The portraits were curious:—more especially a three-quarter by Vanderbank, of Sir Isaac Newton seated reading 'Euclid,'—and the head of Queen Elizabeth. To the latter we would wish more particularly to direct the attention of the curious inquirer into English historical portraits—more especially of the inquirer into the history of Art in England. It is a portrait to the waist,—smaller than life, and probably by De Heere. It must have been like,—and is very ugly. At Miss Harley's sale it brought 10*l.* 10*s.*, but that price has since been doubled—and as we have reason to believe, trebled—by another change of owners. What adds to the value of the picture is, that it was bequeathed by Prior the poet to the Hon. Lady Harriet Harley. What Prior thought worthy of leaving to a family so well versed in English antiquities as the Harleys has an interest of its own irrespective of its excellence as a work of Art.

The aggregate amount realized by the sale of the King of Holland's collection is said to be 1,222,837 florins—about 108,000*l.* Of those pictures which have found their way into this country the purchases for the Marquis of Hertford amounted to 15,500*l.* Mr. Woodburn, our readers will have seen, is the largest buyer of drawings. A contemporary states that he bought 108 lots at a cost of about 36,700 florins.

We mentioned a fortnight ago that the ex-King of the French Louis Philippe had claimed from the French Government, as his private property, the Standish and Spanish Galleries in the Museum of the Louvre; and that the matter having been referred to the Council of State, that body had recognized the claim and decided that the pictures in question should be given up to the deposed monarch. It is now said that the deceased king had been content with the formal admission of his claim,—and that one of the last (and one of the many munificent) acts of his life which France has to set against his errors when she shall have time to be just, was to present these two collections to the nation that drove him out to die in exile.—The *Journal des Débats* furnished a day or two since a list of the many great works which Louis Philippe has contributed to the embellishment of France.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

OLYMPIC.—Mr. Farren has at length obtained possession of this theatre,—and on Monday commenced his management with 'The Daughter of the Stars.' This was followed by a new burlesque, entitled 'The Princesses in the Tower; or, a Match for Lucifer.' The plot of this extravaganza is founded on the fairy tale of the discreet princess who defeats the wiles of the crafty prince. Mrs. Leigh Murray enacts the *Princess Finetta*, who, with her two sisters, *Pratitia* (Miss L. Howard) and *Drona* (Miss E. Turner), is confined in a tower by command of their father, *King Bellato* (Mr. G. Cooke), while he goes abroad on a warlike expedition. To this tower man is not permitted to have access. But *Richinraft* (Mr. H. Farren) contrives various disguises as means of eluding the prohibition. These are amusing,—but not so prosperous as to place the heroines in real peril, while the rash adventurer himself is doomed to every variety of discomfort. Some of the jokes were practical:—a brilliant pyrotechnic display and a melo-dramatic combat being of this kind. The piece was successful.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Hudson, having returned from America, appeared on Monday in 'The Knight of Arva,' and was enthusiastically greeted by a numerous audience.

STRAND.—'The Night Watch' and 'The Prisoner of War' are the two dramas with which Mr. Bolton has opened his campaign. His ballet company is retained.

SURREY.—An absurd attempt was made on Monday to wed Rossini's music with Shakspeare's words

in 'Othello.' Thirteen pieces were transferred from the opera to the tragedy, and the latter was mercilessly cut down to suit the music of the former. The result was, as might have been expected, unsatisfactory,—though Miss Romer, in *Desdemona*, acquitted herself with great power.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Our contemporaries announce that the Grand National Concerts about to be opened this autumn at *Her Majesty's Theatre* will be conducted by Mr. Balfe for the serious music, with Herr Molique as his leader, and by M. Musard for the dances,—that "lyrical compositions" have been bespoken from Mr. E. Loder and Mr. Macfarren,—that negotiations for like co-operation are on foot with Mr. Barnett,—and that the "world-famous" chorus of the King's Chapel at Berlin, under the conduct of Herr Neidhart, has also been engaged. So many conductors, we fear, may prove not easy to manoeuvre.

The revelations made this week in the Bankruptcy Court touching the outgoings and the incomings of the *Wednesday Concerts* must be cited by us, in full justification of the misgivings which from the first we expressed with regard to these entertainments. The Hall was crammed to overflowing; good artists (one or two of Europe's best among them) sang and played,—but the speculation was ruinous, and the manager has been unable to meet his engagements. From first to last the performances were not good, owing to a want of outlay on those fillings-up and preparations which make no show in the bill, but all the difference betwixt music which can be tolerated and music which should be enjoyed. Cheap music being under a certain cheapness is impossible, if the public is to have not only the Ernsts and Thalbergs, but a good paid orchestra and a good paid chorus. The latter are now looked out and listened for. The alternatives, then, must be,—either amateur co-operation, as in the case of the Sacred Harmonic and other choral societies,—variety less rich and eminent,—or, higher prices; and those who admit these truths as difficulties to be met, are the real friends and diffusers of Art,—not those who uphold everything that can be bought for a shilling, no matter if the artifice thereof be ruined.—We may return to this subject as occasion serves, with a view of keeping it before the eyes of those who manage and the apprehension of those who enjoy.

The *Times* mentions, as if on authority, that M. Meyerbeer has undertaken to confide a new score to the Royal Italian Opera for the season 1851. We presume that this must be an arrangement of the 'Camp de Silésie,'—since we hardly imagine the *maestro* adventuring 'L'Africaine' here till it has been completed for and presented at the *Académie*. Meanwhile, now that he is in high fashion, it would seem only expedient for one of our rival Opera-houses to revive 'Il Crociato.'

Let critics, anti-Meyerbeerish, or anti-Israelitish, or hyper-mystical, rail as they will, the popularity of the 'Prophète' has spread like wild-fire throughout Germany. "I found the opera," writes a friend, "at Cassel, at Frankfurt, at Cologne,—I heard of it at Leipsic; everywhere drawing audiences—everywhere a subject of eager table-talk, let the speakers be ever so eager about the Schleswig-Holstein question and English perfidy thereupon, or ever so anxious in discussing hotel-bills and railroads. The 'Elijah' of Mendelssohn, too, seems increasing in circulation; but I had no means of otherwise learning how far it is advancing in favour among a people whose connoisseurship is as capricious as it is full of pretence."

It is obvious that efforts are being simultaneously made in every corner of the Continent to provide the opera-houses with novelty. The managing powers in Holland, at the instance of the King, have bought an opera-book of a well-esteemed Parisian librettist, the composition of which is laid open to the competition of Dutch musicians, whose scores are to be delivered in early next year,—a prize to be awarded to the best work.—We observe, too, that the King of Prussia has just granted a

pension of 500 thalers to a young composer named De Witt, to enable him to study his art in Italy,—of all places in the world,—where the means of direct study hardly continue to exist.—More to the purpose seems the adjoined commission to M. De Witt to examine into the manuscript musical treasures still to be found in the country.

A singing festival, similar to the meeting at Zurich, pleasantly described in this journal some years ago by a correspondent, has just been held at Lucerne. The number of voices, from the four and thirty towns of Switzerland, was one thousand.

The *France Musicale* entertains its readers with yet another rumour of Rossini having again begun to write:—nay, more, that he has been taking counsel with Donzelli (!), and that he has had the new composition rehearsed in secret with very great pains. We must be permitted, till otherwise re-assured, to fear that the work will be performed only in secret and published in secret,—and that Rossini will neither hear nor see anything of it himself!

Signor Pavesi is dead,—one of the third-rate Italian opera composers, who wrote with extraordinary activity for the musical theatres, and who was effaced by the popularity and force of the Donizettis and others of the newer school. Signor Pavesi was seventy-two years of age. The number of his great compositions is counted as some threescore,—none of them, save perhaps a *cavatina* or duet, having ever made their way to this country.—The Brothers Ricci have just finished an opera for the autumn theatres of Venice, bearing the title of 'Un'Aventura Galante al tempo di Dieci.' To judge from this name, the work should be based on the lively little one-act comedy 'Le Dix,' set for the *Opéra Comique* of Paris some years ago by M. Girard.

A writer in the *Gazette Musicale* speaks handsomely of some new Quintetts for stringed instruments by M. Cappa, a Spanish composer, who uses the unusual compound of three violins, *alto* and violoncello:—the effect of which can hardly be fancied as satisfactory.—A new opera, 'L'Amant Jaloux,' will be forthwith given at the *Opéra Comique*. That theatre has just lost one of its most popular actresses, Mdle. Darcier, by marriage.—It is again said that Mr. Lumley is to manage the Italian Opera for our neighbours during the coming winter,—with Mesdames Sontag and Fiorentini and Mdle. Parodi as his principal artists.—The *Grand Opéra* was to re-open on Monday last, with Mdle. Alboni in 'La Favorite.'

Mr. Barnum has announced a prize of 200 dollars to be given to the composer of the best national American song, which he intends to have sung by Mdle. Lind immediately on her arrival in the country.

Mrs. Egerton, long an especial favourite with the public in a certain line of characters—and a more than useful actress in a various range of parts,—died last week, our contemporaries say, at Brompton, at the age of fifty-seven.

#### MISCELLANEA

The *Sea Serpent*.—Mr. Travers, "a gentleman sailing in his own yacht," we are informed, has come in aid of the penny-a-liner. He has addressed a letter to the *Cork Constitution*,—in which he is much more circumstantial than Capt. McQuhae.—Our readers would probably like to see Mr. Travers's version of the *Sea Serpent*. It goes a step further than all its predecessors:—Mr. Travers having actually secured some of the scales of the monster.—

"The different fishing establishments," he says, "on the shore of this extensive bay, extending from the Old Head of Kinsale to the Seven Heads, have been within the last few days abundantly supplied with fish of every description; and the greatest activity prevails to profit by the bounty which has been thus sent to us literally in abundance. It has been noticed too, that some description of fish—haddock, for instance—have been captured further within the limits of the inner harbour than was ever known before. In fact, as I heard it observed, the fish was literally leaping ashore. These novel appearances, however, it was my lot to see fully accompanied, for yesterday, at about one o'clock A.M. when sailing in my yacht, with a slight breeze off shore, about two miles to the south of the beacon erected on the Barrel Rocks, one of the party of four gentlemen on board (Mr. B., of Bandon) drew attention towards the structure mentioned, with the interrogatory, 'Do you



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nothing queer about the Barrels." In an instant the attention of all on board was riveted on an object which at first struck me as like the up-heaved thick end of a large mast; but which, as it was made out plainer, proved to be the head of some huge fish or monster. On leaning down towards the object we could distinctly see, with the naked eye, what I can best describe as an enormous serpent without mane or fur or any like appendage, the portion of the body above water, and which appeared to be rubbing or scratching itself against the beacon, was fully thirty feet long, and in diameter I should say about a foot. With the aid of a glass it was observed that the eyes were of immense size, about nine inches across the head, and the upper part of the back appeared covered with a scaly, shell-like substance. We were now within rifle-shot of the animal, and, although some on board exhibited pardonable nervousness at the suggestion, it was resolved to fire a ball at the under portion of the body whenever the creature's unwieldy evolutions would expose its vulnerable part. The instant the piece was discharged the monster rose as if impelled by a painful impulse to a height which may appear incredible—say at least thirty fathoms,—and, culminating with the most rapid motion dived or dashed itself under water with a splash that almost stopped our breath with amazement. In a few moments all disturbances of the water subsided, and the strange visitor evidently pursued his course to seaward. On coming up to the beacon we were gratified to find adhering to the supports numerous connected scaly masses, such as one would think would be rubbed from a creature "culling," or changing its old skin. These interesting objects can be seen at the Horse Rock Coast Guard station, and will repay a visit."

Now, it may be well to inquire, who is Mr. Travers?—and well that these "interesting objects" should be forwarded, duly authenticated, from the "Horse Rock Coast Guard Station" for the examination of our naturalists, in order that the probabilities of the story may be weighed in these "scales." The rise of "at least thirty fathoms" wants the corroboration of Mr. B. of Bandon.

*Records of our Churches*.—I read with pleasure the paragraph in your last issue, extracted from the *Builder*, containing the excellent plan adopted by the present Bishop of Ripon for the purpose of securing authentic records of the churches of his diocese,—and sincerely join in the wish that so admirable an example may be extensively followed by our Church dignitaries. It may be interesting to you to learn that Archbishop Hare is adopting a similar course with regard to the churches of the Archdiocese of Lewis, and is at present engaged in the collection of drawings; plans and plans which may preserve a record of the existing; and if possible of the past, condition of the sacred edifices committed to his superintendence. The collection when formed is to descend as an heirloom to the future Archbishops of Lewis,—to whom it cannot fail to prove of great value.

D.S.

*Phenomena of the Ocean*.—During the voyage of the barque *Harvest*, Capt. Lackey, of New Bedford, recently returning from a whaling voyage, the fact was, it is said, verified that the tides about the Polynesian Islands do not follow the Newtonian law of variation. At the request of Capt. Lackey, affidavits were obtained from two intelligent individuals, who have for twenty years resided among the Society Islands, to the following statement:—"That the time of high water takes place between the hours of eleven and one o'clock, without any variation unless caused by winds. The different phases of the moon have no effect whatever in changing the time of high water. At the full and change the tides are from six to eight inches higher; the full rise being about two feet."—Another interesting result of the voyage was the obtaining of deep-sea soundings in the vicinity of the Bermuda Islands.

*Sir Robert Peel's Papers*.—The codicil by which Sir Robert Peel bequeathed his papers deserves to be more particularly brought under the notice of our readers than has yet been done by us. It is dated 18th March of last year; and is in the following terms.

"I give and bequeath to the Hon. Philip Henry Stanhope, commonly called Lord Viscount Mahon, and Edward Cardwell, of Whitehall, Esq., M.P., their executors, administrators and assigns, all the unpublished letters, papers and documents of a private or of a public nature, whether in print or in manuscript, of which I shall at the time of my decease be possessed, upon the trusts hereinafter declared and concerning the same. Considering that the collection of letters and papers referred to in this codicil includes the whole of my confidential correspondence for a period extending from the year 1812 to the time of my decease, that a considerable portion of that period I was employed in the service of the Crown, and that when not so employed I took an active part in parliamentary business, it is highly desirable that much of that correspondence will be interesting, and calculated to throw light upon the conduct and character of public men and upon the political events of the time. I give to my trustees full discretion with respect to the selection for publication of any portion of that correspondence; I leave it to them to decide on the period and the mode of publication, in the full assurance that they will exercise the discretion given to them that no honourable confidence shall be betrayed, no private feelings be unnecessarily wounded, and no public interest injuriously

affected in consequence of premature or indiscreet publication. I am especially anxious that no portion of my correspondence with Her Majesty Queen Victoria, or with His Royal Highness Prince Albert, should be made public use of during the life of either, without previous communication with parties who may be enabled to ascertain that there is no objection whatever on the part of either to the use proposed to be made of such correspondence. I authorize my trustees to sell or dispose of the copyright of any of the said documents, if the case in which publication should be determined on by the trustees should be one in which pecuniary compensation for such copyright could be fairly and equitably made; not meaning, however, in any way to fetter their discretion in respect of the giving of gratuitous access to the documents whenever they think such access advisable. In the case that any moneys should arise from the publication of any of the said letters, papers, and documents, I authorize the said trustees to apply the said moneys in paying the costs and charges of such publication as far as the trustees may be justly liable for such costs and charges, or other the expenses attending the execution of the trusts hereby reposed in them, and to apply the residue to the assistance or relief of deserving persons being in need of such assistance or relief, engaged or who have been engaged in pursuits of art, literature or science, or to apply such residue, or any such part of it, in aid of institutions established for the relief or benefit of artists or literary or scientific persons; and my said trustees shall not be accountable to any persons whatsoever for the application of any such moneys. With these views it is my desire that the trustees shall with all convenient speed after my decease collect together all the said letters, papers, and documents, and subject the same to such examination as they in their uncontrolled discretion shall think fit. I give them the fullest power to destroy such parts thereof as they shall think proper, and to provide for the immediate care and custody and ultimate disposition of all or any part of the said letters, papers, and documents. My trustees will probably find it convenient to cause the said letters, papers, and documents to be brought in the first instance to London; and I authorize them to select and to rent, or otherwise procure, a convenient place for the deposit of the said letters, papers, and documents during such period as they shall think fit, and to cause proper catalogues to be prepared of the same, and to employ such persons as they shall think fit under their direction for the purposes aforesaid, and for transcribing or editing the same or otherwise in relation thereto. I authorize the trustees to give all or any of the said letters, papers, and documents to the State Paper-Office, the Trustees of the British Museum, or any other institution of the like nature, upon such arrangements as to the permanent preservation thereof as shall be satisfactory to such trustee or trustees. And with regard to the more permanent disposal of such of the said letters, papers, and documents as shall not have been otherwise dealt with, I recommend the trustees as far as shall be consistent with the due execution of the trusts hereby declared, to deposit the same at my mansion-house of Drayton Manor; and I request that the member of my family for the time being entitled to the occupation thereof will afford suitable rooms for the deposit and custody of the said letters, papers, and documents, and will concur with my trustees in such arrangements as the latter shall think necessary for insuring the safety of the same, and for preserving to the said trustees free access thereto, with full power for the said trustees from time to time to regulate and prescribe the circumstances under which others shall be allowed access thereto, and to remove the same wholly or partially, and from time to time, as they or he shall think fit. But I hereby expressly declare that these recommendations and requests shall not in any way be construed to create any trust in favour of any occupier of my said mansion-house, or to give any such occupier, or any member of my family, any estate or interest in the said letters, papers, and documents, or any of them, or in any way to abridge or restrict the discretion of the trustees as to the custody or place of deposit of the said letters, papers, and documents, or otherwise, or in or as to the execution of the trusts hereby declared."

Sir Robert then assigns a sum of 1,000*l.* to provide for the costs to be incurred in the execution of these trusts;—and directs that immediately on the expiration of the period of twenty-one years next after the time of the decease of the last survivor of his children, grandchildren or more remote issue, who shall be living at the time of his decease,—or in case there shall not be any of his children, grandchildren, or more remote issue living at the time of his decease, then, immediately on the expiration of the period of twenty-one years next after the time of his decease,—all the trusts before declared concerning the said letters, papers, and documents, shall cease; and the trustees shall forthwith deliver up to or hold in trust for the person or persons who shall then be his heir-at-law, all the said letters, papers, and documents, or so many of them as shall not have been theretofore burnt, destroyed, given away, or otherwise disposed of by the trustees.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A. B.—J. A. G.—Rev. G. C. S.—A Subscriber and Bookseller's Assistant—A Subscriber—Mr. S.—received.

J. B. H.—See Scientific Gossip, *Athen.* No. 1193, p. 743.

Erratum.—In Prof. Stokes's communication 'On Metallic Reflexion,' made to Section A of the British Association, p. 841, col. 3, 1. 36, for "retarded" read *accelerated*.

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